聖剣使いの禁呪詠唱

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8

聖剣使いの禁呪詠唱（ワールドブレイク）

The Swordbringer comes back.

GA文庫

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聖剣使いの禁呪詠唱

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The Swordbringer comes back.

「奇襲なのです！水も滴るいい男なのです！」
「このいたずらっ子めっ」
うらやましすぎるマヤの水計！
麦わら天使が濡れて透け透け♥

何でそんなに
腹が立つんだよ？
惚けようったって
ダメだぞ？
……恥ずかしかったからよ。
だって、みっともないでしょう？
静乃のクセ毛は取扱注意!!
赤面の温度が図書室を燃やす!?

あたしならやれるって
言ったのは
諸葉(あんた)なんだから――
後悔しないでよ!!
諸葉が本気に火をつけた――
春鹿の神速同時連撃、覚醒!!

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Prologue

The relief allowed for a warrior is too short.
Even shorter when it comes to S-Ranks.
– Let’s have an absolutely fun school festival tomorrow!
The members of *Strikers* nodded at the words of Ranjou Satsuki.
A tinge of fatigue ran on everyone’s faces.
But it was a pleasant fatigue.
They properly did after-school special practice as usual and then prepared the coffee shop. One party decorated the dressing room to make it have a convincing interior design and the other brought foodstuff into the adjoining home economic rooms.
The work they weren’t familiar with continued until late at night, and despite being hard, everyone embraced a feeling of completion.
Even those who weren’t interested at first were feeling positive now.
After the tiring training, the troublesome things did not multiply again—
The special training, the everyday special training made them realize that the group work unrelated to battle was their every day’s richness.
– It was as Satsuki said. I lost. I’m glad I did.
And the one who honestly admitted so while pouting her lips was Momochi Haruka.
The seemingly embarrassed voices that had the same opinion rose from here and there.
Shouts of joy surged when butler-like stylish waiter clothes and cute waitress clothes decorated with elegant frills arrived from the lent costume room.
– NO! Where’s the cute waitress dress that fits my size!?
The one who shouted, being greatly perplexed, was Sophia Mertesacker.
Reserved laughs came rising from here and there.
When the preparations were ready and everyone went back to the dormitories in droves, the topic of tomorrow was the topic of the moment.
– Let’s do our best.
Said someone.
– But what do we do if no customers were to come?
Said somebody else.
They talked together with faces that mixed expectations and anxiety.

– Don’t talk nonsense, men! We *Strikers* are heroes, aren’t we? She told us to entertain them, right? Then the extraordinariness of my ability to attract customers will take care of that.
And the one who stated so deadly serious was Mannendou Kamekichi.
Bitter smiles were given at his usual words of excessive self-consciousness from everywhere.
And with many members without being able to fall asleep, the sun began to rise──the day of the school festival.

Every *Striker* was falling into panic.
The dressing room ended up becoming more like a battlefield than a coffee shop.
It was crowded with students who came as customers, arrows named “orders” were shot one after another.
Moreover, there was a long line in the corridor, they were attacked without having time to rest.
They were giving their all to deal with that.
The frontline waiters and waitresses kept receiving a large amount of orders and carrying food and tea.
In the adjacent home economics room, the rear line was cooking with intense concentration.
Everyone had no choice but to do the job they were given earnestly while battling against impatience.
It seemed the shopping force had to go to and fro the supermarket and the school to maintain the supply line.
They were outnumbered, moreover, most of their supporters were new recruits with little to no training.
– Who’s the guy who said□what do we do if no customers were to come□!?
– Move your hands and feet before moving your mouth!
– To think Kamekichi’s words would be right! This is the end of the world!
The angry roars that flew past each other scolded their friends more and more, foisting on the responsibility and becoming something like a simple way to vent their anger.
Even under normal circumstances they had to band together and work as one for a common cause.
The deterioration of morale would just cover their eyes.
So when it was about trying to have fun, running an imitation of a coffee shop at the school festival and the like, nobody had the intention of messing around.

In the meantime.
Haimura Moroha and Taketsuru Uisuke, the two waiters at the front lines, could defend the front line with composure.
Moroha had experience since he was a very young child because he helped his parents with their small restaurant.

No matter what Taketsuru had to do, he did it flawlessly.
He missed no orders and his figure carrying dishes was stylish.
He talked too much with the customers—more like, he was very popular—but he wasn't careless and finished the conversations smoothly without spending all his time and energy on them.
When a table was empty again, Taketsuru starter tidying it up quickly and Moroha guided the next customer quickly.
Shifting his attention to the exit and entrance at the front of the dressing room, Moroha noticed.
An acquaintance stood there.
The little girl wasn't waiting her turn at the beginning of the line but standing and looking small and quiet next to it.
The girl who made her golden hair shine more than usual and showed a superb smile similar to an angel was—
Moroha's roommate Shimon Maya.
– What is it, Maya? Isn't it too early for the meeting?
Moroha was about to start his break, he had promised to go around the academy grounds with her once that happened.
– I came to drink tea before that desu!
Maya replied full of vitality.
– Hmm, I'm afraid you'll have to stand at the end of the line.
The students who stood in the line nodded at the words of Moroha.
Their eyes said「Yes, you're a kid, but the turn in line must be kept properly」.
However, Maya didn't try to turn to the end of the line, she searched for something in her pouch, took out a piece of paper and showed it.
With a soft style of handwriting,
「I appoint this person as a one-day principal. Shimon Mari」was written on it.
– An inspection of the one-day principal desu (Happy face).
「「「Unfair human resources connections!?」」」
Shouts of blame arose from the line.
– So I want you to get me in desu (Happy face).
「「「Unfair abuse of authority!?」」」
Shouts of grief arose from the line.

この者を一日校長に
任じます。
四門万里

The needle-like gazes from the students recklessly stuck into Maya, but the person in question just kept showing an angelic smile.
Moroha was the one who ended up sweating cold.
When he thought “what’s the deal with this?”,
– If she says so, then it cannot be helped. Haimura-kun, please accompany her.
The captain Isurugi Jin, who managed the hall all by himself, pointed him to show her in.
Was he tired of the reception he didn’t get used to? There was no vigor in his voice or judgment.
(Should I say if Isurugi Jin-senpai is okay with it?)
Moroha pondered a little and beckoned Maya.
There were no empty tables now,
– We have no choice but to drink tea on a bed of needles, do we?
The adjacent home economics room.
– Take a break while you’re at it, Haimura.
Taketsuru sent him out with his usual consideration for others and so he moved, joining hands with Maya.
– This is the kitchen of our store, one-day principal-dono.
– There are no problems desu.
Like the front line, the inside of the home economics room was a battlefield.
The kitchen counter was at full operation and every person who could relatively cook was working, dripping with sweat.
In particular, Satsuki showed a versatile work.
She demonstrated the highest cooking skills among the team and prepared four dishes at the same time.
Although she didn’t show it outside, she wore a waitress costume because it was cute, but jumping oil stains and seasonings stains were all over it, creating an extremely gruesome atmosphere.
Furthermore, with the responsibility of being the first person who suggested this, she sent instructions to all team members.
– Souya-senpai. Can I leave the rest of the 8th to you?
– I’ll change the 9th.
– Takenaka-senpai, the cutting of vegetables is taking too long!
– Wawah. I-I’-m sorry.
– Is it my turn to cut?
– Sophie-senpai, please continue mashing potatoes for eternity.
– NO! I’m already fed up with this!
– Delicate work is impossible for Senpai, am I wrong!?
Her way of conducting the business was splendid.
Looking at that, Maya stared in wonder.
– What an incredible presence nanodesu. She sets the Senpais to work in an arrogant fashion desu!
– Please give her a little better praise though…
– She’s so cool desu. It’s as if she’s not Satsuki-onee-san nanodesu!

– I’m telling you… never mind.
As he gave a wry smile, Moroha looked at Satsuki’s back who never stopped her hands while giving directions.
– Even though she was on the side of those who waited for instructions some time ago…. She used to be like that by nature.
As a person who stood above people, did she have such high qualities?
Among Moroha’s biased memories of his previous life, Flaga thought so of Sarasha.
– More! I want you to tell me more about that story desu!
– Eh?
Moroha was startled by Maya who really got into an unexpected place.
He noticed her eagerness to take out even a memo and pen from the pouch.
– Ma-Maya-san?
– This is also part of the inspection desu. I want Moroha to talk a lot about Satsuki-onee-san from his perspective desu.
– That has nothing to do with the coffee shop or the school festival, does it…?
Moroha had scornful eyes.
– What is this devil-chan planning? You can tell that to Onii-san, can’t you?
– I-It’s a secret nanodesu…
– But do you have to hide what you’re scheming?
Moroha softened the expression of his eyes and smiled abruptly.
– Alright, alright, I can’t defy one-day principal-dono.
Even Moroha didn’t know what she was scheming.
But, well, in the case of Maya, one could say it was nothing bad.
(Satsuki from my point of view, huh…)
That would be a long story.
They borrowed a desk at the end of the home economics room to not get in everyone’s way and let Maya sit on it.
And to not bother everyone’s hands, Moroha himself prepared tea and sweets.
– The taste is fine desu. The one-day principal applies her seal of approval desu.
Moroha sat down in a chair, facing the girl who looked delighted.
– Now, what should I talk about…?
– Satsuki-onee-san has gotten remarkably stronger recently desu. What does Moroha think desu?
Since he was puzzled, Maya brought up the subject.
– She had talent from the start.
Moroha replied immediately.
This was the same conversation as the qualities that stood above people moments ago.
– Was she very strong in her past life desu?
– No, she wasn’t. She was weak in her previous life. It seems that she wasn’t allowed to train normally. That’s why Satsuki was just weak when

she enrolled, but she's the first person in the present world to learn various fighting techniques and to make her abilities bloom.
– A very unusual type for a「Savior」nanodesu!
Although Moroha didn't know other people's circumstances very well, Maya took notes while being impressed with「Is that so?」.
– At the time of the summer training camp, Moroha described Satsuki-onee-san as a tank-type *Shirogane* desu.
– You remembered that well, huh.
That's admirable, he said as he patted her head. Maya was shy and seemingly embarrassed.
Satsuki fell behind in terms of speed, so instead of「Godlike Movement」being her forte, she had outstanding qualities such as power and toughness.
Moroha could tell that by looking at the color of her *prana*.
– This type is strong.
Why?
The standard practice of *Ancestral Arts* was「Offense is easy Defense is difficult」.
In other words, when it came to discuss who ended up winning by arm twisting, the ones with power were the winners.
Again, in other words, the owner of an excellent toughness was a rare *Shirogane* that could protect something that should be「difficult」.
Since Satsuki possessed both, then there was no way she was weak.
– Sophie-senpai is the same type as her, so when I asked her, Senpai said that she was expected to be a leader cadet by the American Division Head and came here to study abroad.
– Who is stronger, Sophie-onee-san or Satsuki-onee-san?
– If they had a game, then Sophie-senpai would win.
– Moroha is great at making Senpais look good desu.
Maya said something precocious despite showing an innocent smile on her face.
A game, otherwise, what would happen? He had to guess her real intentions.
Moroha did nothing but scratch his head.
– **At the present time**, Sophie-senpai's attack power overwhelms her even with the same power she's proud of.
Power didn't mean attack power.
Techniques that skillfully made *prana* converge and efficiently transformed it into destructive power was also important.
Isurugi, AJ, and others excelled at this, and even if they had less power than Sophia, they did have a higher attack power.
Sophia and Satsuki clearly had too much power for them, an improvement of that would be the challenge to reach A-Rank. They weren't going to be true warriors just by spinning vigorously their natural strong arms with all their strength. When it came to「Who has made better

improvements? Sophia was slightly superior, so there was a difference in attack power between them.
If they had a match, Sophia would overwhelm her with her attack power, and they would have to be stopped immediately.
But what if they weren't stopped?
– That by no means sounds like a funny story. Satsuki's resilient strength is ridiculous.
When Edward came to Japan, Satsuki protected Shizuno from AJ.
When *Fortress* made its appearance, she defended the front by herself.
And just the other day, she showed how she endured Lu Zhixin's blows.*
***TN: Lu Zhixin is the furigana reading for "S-Rank monster".**
Who else at Akane Academy could accomplish such great achievements?
Maybe Satsuki surpassed Moroha in terms of "sturdiness" by far (If Moroha avoids physical contact and doesn't get hit in the first place, and sets aside the problem of killing before being killed).
She was hit and hit but never fell down, no matter how scary the persistent opponent was—
Moroha, who fought with that "White Knight", understood well.
– That is an unexpected high praise nanodesu…. A high praise from Moroha nanodesu.
For some reason, Maya made the pen ran on the memo while being somewhat excited.
– On top of that, she's a hardworking person, skipping classes is unknown to her. I'm not surprised if she becomes the captain of *Strikers* the year after next, you know?
– Eh? And disregard Moroha desu?
– I'm not a vessel that stands above people.
– Oh!
Maya agreed, clapping her hands.
– I see, Moroha likes and feels better rampaging alone.
– Heeey, that's a terrible false accusation.
– Then why did you go to Russia alone? (Happy face).
Moroha, whose past misdeeds were pried, averted his eyes with all his strength.
He continued sweating cold for a while and Maya, who seemed to have finalized her notes, opened a new page.
– I grasped very well Satsuki-onee-san as a *Shirogane* desu. Now, I would like to hear what you think about Satsuki-onee-san as a girl desu.
– Eh? Do I have to talk about that?
– This is the inspection of the one-day principal desu.
Maya closed her eyes and threw out her chest with an **ahem**.
He gave up.
– Satsuki-onee-san was your younger sister in your previous life, yes? Does Moroha still consider her as a younger sister even now desu?
– That's another difficult question, you know…

Moroha scratched his head.
Lately, he kind of forgot about it because he was able to feel a natural sense of distance without fussing about it in particular.
In the past, he often couldn’t grasp his relationship with Satsuki, the times he was troubled about it were many.
Yes.
When he enrolled and met again, it was terrible.
Just remembering so was enough to revive those bittersweet-like feelings in his heart—

Chapter 1: Spending a Sunday with his little sister

– W-wait…. Please. The future generations…
Moroha found himself in a terrible predicament.
Yes, this was a situation he was compelled to call it an “unprecedented pinch”.
– Nope. I’m not waiting a second longer!
The confronting girl told him stubbornly.
She was a sweet girl.
Since he found her brightly-colored side tail hair cute, then everything, even her delicate body, slender legs and humble bust size improved her loveliness.
However, that sweet beautiful face, adorned with a silent drive, glared at Moroha from a very close distance.
The name of the girl was Ranjou Satsuki.
– Don’t be frightened of me forever, resolve yourself—
She stared at Moroha with scarily serious eyes, demanding a decision as if challenging him with complete determination.
There was a glint in her eyes so strong that ordinary girls of the same generation were no match for it.
As she did so—
She threw out her small chest, tightly held a jet-black cloth on it and asked him in a tone that sounded rather grave.

– Like I thought, you like black brassieres, right…?

Moroha could do nothing but be terrified by the dreadful words sent by her.
She tightly held the black cloth—the brassiere on her chest on top of her clothes. Moroha was only able to shrink back at the impressiveness of Satsuki who sidled up to him while showing how she tried the black cloth on.
Right now they were in the women’s underwear section in the shopping center.

If a man walked alone there, he would feel awkward in the unendurable hell on earth.
There was no escape.
「Go out with me to do all sorts of things throughout this Sunday」She requested, he unconcernedly accompanied her and the result: an expected trap. A very unfavorable situation.
– Now, reply!
Satsuki gave a step forward without hesitation.
The breasts with a bra put on them from above──the pair of short but well-formed hills jumped aside in panic as if perceiving Moroha's body.
(How do I get over… this pinch?)
Moroha asked himself.
A line of sweat ran down his forehead.
In this situation, replying「I don't like it」would give him nothing in return no matter what woman he was with.
To match the liking of the other person, replying「I like it, I like it, I like it」carelessly would be a man's reliability!
That was the only correct answer.
However, however indeed, Moroha had a reason why he couldn't reply.
There was a reason why he couldn't say it despite knowing the right answer.
– What's wrong? You just have to reply「I like it」or「I don't like it」, no?
Satsuki bent her head slightly to one side with upturned eyes.
– You shouldn't be such an in indecisive person, Moroha──no, Nii-sama!
Yes.
Moroha was in the middle of being asked「What bra do you want me to wear? Ufufu」.
By the real little sister (in his previous life)!
The only child Moroha in this world didn't know.
Was it natural for「brothers」in this world to tell their「little sisters」「Yes, I like black brassieres, so buy that and show me how you wear it」?
Moroha's moral values told him he was already *guilty*.
– Could it be you like black ones but they don't suit me?
The feeling of high tension that Satsuki was clad in became less tense all of a sudden.
And pouted her lips as if sulking.
The gesture with which she made her cheeks swell was charming as she ended up closing her eyes partly like always.
But Moroha couldn't move as if he had solidified with his eyes wide open.
(But it does suit her…)
He understood so just by putting it on her clothes.
The combination of a fairy-like and cute girl and a black bra which was the symbol of adulthood and fascination was an infringement.…

Moroha had nearly no memories of his previous life.

Therefore, he almost didn't have a real feeling that Satsuki was his "little sister".
It hadn't passed a whole month since they met again on the day of the entrance ceremony.
Because she was extremely close to him, her body odor that smelled faintly sweet, the lingering fragrance of shampoo and even her charming ended up making him feel dizzy.
In a portion outside of reason, Moroha perceived Satsuki as a woman rather than a little sister.
Plus, the fascinating black bra.
(… Am I a sinful man?)
Satsuki probably just genuinely yearned for her older brother.
But even so, seeing her with wicked eyes—there was no way that would be fine.
(Yeah, sever the worldly desires. If I strive to be her older brother to the end and reply I like it open-mindedly, then there should be no ethical problems at all…)
Moroha wiped the sweat on his forehead with one of his index fingers and prepared himself.
The holiday in which he would spend time alone with his little sister for the first time had just begun.

– You aren't going to show me these two only, right, Satsuki?
Moroha, who prepared himself, asked with a serious face.
– Hmm? What?
– This is a date, isn't it…?
Satsuki stared in puzzlement. Then, in a bit displeasured voice,
– … Obviously! Though we're siblings. I just got you to go out with me for shopping.
That reply was exactly what Moroha was looking for.
No feelings of guilty at all.
A shopping where only an older brother went out with his little sister.
Despite Moroha being just a little bit relieved, nervousness still remained, so he asked, approaching the heart of the matter even more.
– If that's the case, then why are you making your older brother choose your underwear…?
If. If.
If Satsuki were to give the reply that Moroha wanted again.
If she were to reply Eh? It's normal to get Onii-chan to choose them, no? innocently—regardless of the veracity of that—Moroha seemed capable of choosing so open-mindedly again.
Even so.
He wasn't waiting for her reply with a praying-like feeling anymore.
As expected, Satsuki,

– Hmm. I want Moroha to choose underwear, clothes, skirts, accessories, the complete set.
She swiftly turned her eyes away, her cheeks blushed and answered despite hesitating.
– Everything… huh…
He didn’t hear that. He thought it was certainly just the bra.
The one who promised to go out with her for the day was Moroha, but how much did she intend to keep him around?
– Is it absolutely necessary for me to choose everything without exception…?
He was astonished as he got a confirmation from her.
– Urushibara laughed, turning my lack of self-confidence in my charming over because I was way too obsessive about fashion.
Then she made her cheeks expand again.
– But, but I think that fashion is important! Even more if a coordinated outfit makes the other person happy, I think it’s reflected doubled to that person!
I want to make Urushibara shout「Kii, this vexing Satsuki-chan is cute, I’m so jealous」with a crying face! And I want Moroha to be a witness of that!
After you have stared at the stylish me with rapt attention, I’d like you to take a look at Urushibara as if you were looking at trash!
No sooner had he opened his eyes wide all of a sudden than she insisted, making a fist.
A competitive spirit as usual.
Brimming with vigor, her facial expression changed hectically. These were some of the plain charms of Satsuki who didn’t need to rely on clothes and the like, whether the person in question was aware or not.
(Should I say “if it’s you, then it’s a given that they’ll suit you”…?)
This was the perfectly real intention of Moroha, but he hesitated to put it into words because he would be lying if he were to say something he didn’t feel like「I’d like you to have fun」or「I wish to get away with the situation」.
– Losing to someone other than Moroha is unbearable! Even more if it’s Urushibara! That girl, when she looks at Moroha, she ogles at him day and night. I can’t help but feel irritated! Supposing this is like a game in which something like「Doki Doki Meter」is on our heads and there’s a way in which the score rises every time our hearts throb, then I’ll get the high score in Moroha’s 「Doki Doki Meter」! Triumph over Urushibara who didn’t get a decent score! I’m serious about wanting to do that!!
– Don’t worry about that. Such playful meter doesn’t exist.
– I’m saying that wanting to win is a conviction that does exist! I want Moroha to have his heart go racing!
How you don’t understand that!? Satsuki shouted.
When he thought about—
She suddenly and bashfully put her hands on her mouth, and with upturned eyes,

– So… will Nii-sama color me today with the colors he like?

She begged with a seemingly-vanishing voice.
(The honeyed phrase has come…)
Moroha put a hand on his forehead as if enduring a headache.
Now, at this moment, he thanked that the Doki Doki Meter didn't actually exist on his head because he wasn't going to let it catch Satsuki's attention.
At the same time,
(Yeah, what a waste…)
He couldn't help but lament in his mind.
Satsuki wasn't his little sister ——
Being the case that she was a beautiful girl and classmate that was just a little worried about him——Moroha, without worrying about that at all, couldn't help but lose his head.
But reality was different, Moroha had no choice but to clear his agitation away and make sure to pour cold water called self-control on himself,
(What a waste, what a waste…)
He grumbled on and on like a Nianfo.*
***TN: Nianfo is a term commonly seen in Pure Land Buddhism. In the context of Pure Land practice, it generally refers to the repetition of the name of Amitābha (Wikipedia).**

– It has become completely dark…
As he looked out through the windows of the shopping center, Moroha talked to himself in blank amazement.
– Because since we were able to meet again, today we're finally alone at last!
Satsuki complained. Moroha then realized that the accepted opinion saying that "women's shopping were long" was nothing but true.
While still being pestered by Satsuki, Moroha got stuck with the job of choosing everything, from her clothes to underwear and ribbon.
If he hadn't do so, Satsuki wouldn't have stepped out of the section. That was a threat already.
Moreover, the thing called women's perception was terrifying.
If Moroha, who wanted to get through this extremely quickly, had chosen sloppily, he would have been found out.
So, while Moroha discussed with Satsuki that it was neither this nor that, he searched high and low for something that would suit her and that would go with his own taste without giving in.

Brassieres, panties, jackets… as he went choosing them, he gradually became paralyzed and troubled as these were for his little sister, but at the end of the day, he fully enjoyed shopping with a girl, and when he noticed, he got her to dress up to his liking. He was enchanted, looking at Satsuki trying on the clothes.
– I'll wear this for our next date ♪.
Satsuki, who went first with a skip-capable momentum, turned around, swinging the shopping bags.
She had a big smile on her face.
The gorgeous women's clothing section where colorful clothes were exhibited.
The strong illumination that rained incessantly from the ceiling to make the goods look good.
Among them, the vividness of this girl was reflected in Moroha's eyes as if standing out even more.
Maybe because the lively vitality emitted radiance from inside.
– It's not surprising that it's going to be used for a date, huh.
– … Ah.
Moroha lightly retorted and Satsuki became dumbfounded and hardened.
– I'm kidding. It's not like anything is fine, it was fun after all.
– Y-yeah… that's right. If so, I'm glad…
Satsuki reddened, feeling embarrassed; that was once again charming for Moroha.
– We're never alone, so let's have dinner somewhere, Nii-sama!
– Alright. We can have some at the dormitory. It's bad to waste.
– Huuuh? But eating privately with your cute little sister is definitely tastier than having an insipid meal surrounded by dirty men.
– I have no money. Sympathize with me.
Foolish conversations with his□little sister□who made her cheeks expand were really fun.
– Then I'll give you a treat as thanks for going out with me today.
– … Something cheap, right?
– I get it, you don't have to tell me again. Jeez, Moroha's tendency to be frugal is hardcore.
– If so, then I'll feast without reservation.
– Alright! Let's go!
Satsuki waited for Moroha to catch up with her then entwined their arms.
Man and woman.
They were similar people, so why the structure of their bodies was different? The slender and yet soft upper arms of Satsuki were comfortably twined around him.*
***TN: Bodies is the furigana reading for muscles.**
Moroha quietly looked up at the heavens.

Due to Satsuki's silly talk, and despite not showing signs of being there, his eyes just now ended up trying checking if the Doki Doki Meter hadn't become a terrible thing above his head.
On the way to the food court──
– Ah.
Satsuki, who seemed to have detected something, raised her voice.
When he followed her gaze, the menswear corner was there. He had a bad feeling.
– Let's buy clothes for Moroha! I'm going to coordinate your outfit!
The bad feeling proved to be right.
– Every time we have a date, I'll be the only one to dress up and Moroha will keep being in that sober appearance and that has no balance at all. So this is a good opportunity!
– What's wrong with T-shirt and jeans…?
Moroha became dejected as he looked down on his own appearance.
– I'm not saying it's not absolutely bad, but a T-shirt and jeans that are the result of selecting and combining them are different from a T-shirt and jeans that just ended up being brought from home!
– I told you, that's because I can't afford to buy stylish clothes.
– I told you that I'll buy them.
– … How an□older brother□can be looked after by his□little sister□that far?
This could mean that Moroha's sense of values were of a man who was financially dependent on a woman.*
***TN: The "a man who…" is a furigana reading for incompetent".**
– Take a look at this, Moroha. It's a 10K yen bargain sale. The good stuff doesn't look bad though.
– … That's what any bargain sale is.
Moroha saw high piles of clothes that resembled mountains with scornful eyes.
– They laid in stock more than what was necessary **tee-hee* *sticks tongue out**.
That feeling was acutely transmitted.
The ones in charge of this floor surely had lots of businesses.
– Look look, this is a good buy, Moroha□. Not buying it is a waste□. If we waste this opportunity, we may not have a second one□.
– Gugu….
That said, there was an undeniable feeling of about ten grams at the bottom of his heart.
– But to tell the truth──
However, if she felt inclined, she probably would start looking for something, but he insisted on wanting to go home because he was sick and tired of shopping.
No──when they started, a gust broke out.
The clerk Onee-san, who was supposed to be on the horizon, came at a high speed with prey-hunting eyes.

Maybe she couldn't help but wanting to sell this mountain of dead stock.
It became dark, the number of customers was decreasing.
– My, my. What a cute couple. Please take a good look.
I-won't-let-you-go──the mannequin-like smile said. Moroha grimaced.
However,
– Wh-w-w-what did Onee-san say just now?
Satsuki immediately snapped at her and the Onee-san dealt with her.
– Please take a good look.
– Not that, but before that!
– What a cute couple?
– Yeah, that!
Satsuki let a **ufufufu**, a laughter mixed with a strange voice escaped while blushing for some reason then consulted Onee-san with great vigor as if being unable to resist happiness.
– Do we look like a couple?
– Y-yeah… you aren't?
As the clerk nodded while being confused, Satsuki screamed **kyaah** in a strange voice and stomped the ground as if being unable to resist happiness.
– E-excuse me… dear customer?
– I'm sorry, Onee-san. We're just siblings (**bashful**).
Oh*, *Don't, Satsuki bent loosely her body back and forth.
– Eh, is that so!? You looked so pure…
The clerk was surprised for a moment and returned plainly.
– But if we're going to look like a couple, then balance is important after all!
-That's right, you're such a cute little sister. We need to dress up Onii-san.
However, after hearing Satsuki's overbearing theoretical development, she immediately put on a customer service smile.
– Nii-sama is a failure for making his little sister be embarrassed with him!
– But if Onii-san has a proper appearance, then you'll look like a handsome couple no matter how one look at you. Every person that pass by you will surely let out a sigh of envy.
– I-I-I said it already, we are just siblings. You're way skilled at this, Onee-san (**bashful**).
Keep an even stronger heart, my little sister….
Moroha already stared at Satsuki to whom he gently persuaded so with half-opened eyes.
But──
The blushing, totally-happy-for-being-treated-as-a-couple, full-of-embarrassment, eager and impatient face of Satsuki who smiled innocently was extremely cute.
(I'm really half-hearted, huh…)
He decided to make a gentle persuasion out of respect for that cuteness.
– I know absolutely nothing about being fashionable, so Satsuki will choose.
– Yup, leave everything to your little sister!

– I feel bad but please lend me money until next month.
– I told you that I'll do the buying.
– I can't give ground to that.
Moroha was a parsimonious person. But that wasn't an equal to「I love to sponge off others」. Rather, he greatly hated that. His pride didn't allow him so. Therefore, there was no way he would willingly get the sum of 10k yen from a student.
– Nii-sama has always been obstinate.
– Who?
He didn't want to be told about being obstinate by Satsuki and buy all of the clothes he could get his hands on when she didn't want to lose to Shizuno.
However, and when thinking about it, they probably looked like siblings.
They weren't tied together by blood in the current world but their souls might be connected in the current world.
When the clerk joined them, he vaguely thought so while staring at Satsuki who started to look for something particular in the mountain of clothes.
Moroha had transformed into an onlooker but,
– What do you think about this for you, Onii-san?
The clerk recommended a shirt with a collar that gave a tight feeling.
(Hmm…)
For someone like Moroha, the collar design was unfashionable because it wasn't quite right to his liking. Rather, the shirt lined up next to that one had a sharper collar, he liked that one.
Well, if he could wear clothes then they were all the same. He was tired, spending his time choosing clothes for him was a waste, he wanted to give in already.
– Ah, wait! That's indeed on the right track, but I think this one definitely suits him better.
However—Satsuki picked up the shirt Moroha was interested in and compared it with the other one, spreading it in front of Moroha.
– Well, that definitely suits him better!
The clerk put her hands together, she was also impressed.
– Then the second one to change the image, what about this T-shirt? It's a bit flashy, but I think that Onii-san can dress himself stylishly?
The clerk recommended a richly-colored and patterned T-shirt.
– I agree, Moroha can wear anything stylishly. But the chic one matches his image.
Satsuki discovered a nicely-shaded black shirt that was to the liking of Moroha.
– What about a chic one?
The clerk recommended a thin shirt that looked a bit old-mannish in the eyes of Moroha.
– Isn't there a similar one with a longer hem?
– Oh yes, over there.

The clerk, who was told so by Satsuki, went to look for a shirt with almost the same design but with a very long hem. With that much, the old-mannishness disappeared and a traditional coolness that closely resembled a tailcoat was there. This was Moroha's strike zone.
—In such a state.
Satsuki straightforwardly chose clothes that went along with the liking and mood of Moroha rather than a professional clerk even for an instant.
The taste in fashion of the clerk was by no means insufficient, but….
– Ufufufu.
She was beaten at her own game, but the clerk smiled cheerfully.
She alternately looked at Satsuki who was fiercely rummaging through the mountain of clothes and Moroha who stood stock still without having anything to do.
– What a wonderful girlfriend. You mustn't let her go, okay?

She didn't have a mannequin-smile used for business but a sincere smile on her face.
Thinking that it would be boorish no matter how he reacted, Moroha scratched his head spacing out more than before.
– This and this and this and this and this and this!
Satsuki excavated gems from the mountain of good and bad clothes with the vigor and speed of a thunderclap.
And like this, she chose 10 clothes in the blink of an eye.
Moroha deeply sighed—but.
After successfully choosing 10 clothes, Satsuki kept rummaging through the clothes.
– H-hey…?
Moroha was bewildered, he called her out partially hesitating.
– There are so many like this one! Wonderful clothes should still lie idling! Once I select them all, I'll carefully select them one more time and finally narrow them down to 10!
– Geh…
How much time was that going to take?
If it was about clothes that could be wear then anything was fine.
How could she burn with an enthusiasm like this?
– A-a wonderful girlfriend, huh…. I-is that why she's a hardworking person?
There's also the feelings towards her boyfriend.
The sincere smile of the clerk stiffened. She searched for flattery but she had a hard time.
Moroha was also at his wit's end.
But,
– The aesthetic sense of the relentless little sister puts together a cool Nii-sama!
He was unable to say anything as he saw the face of Satsuki rummaging through the mountain of clothes with great joy.

In the end, Satsuki's selection went on until just before closing.
Moroha was long (omitted) in women's shopping.
It was already past 8PM when they left the store, so by the time they returned to the dorm, there would be no meal.
He reluctantly went to a family restaurant and had dinner; and at the same time they chatted and engaged in a lively conversation, stretching the date.
「Going out all day with」Satsuki was no exaggeration. Well, he hated breaking a promise once.
The drive of Satsuki, which didn't waste even a single second of a holiday at school which was only closed on Sundays, was nice.
(Now that it's over, it was a pretty fun day…)
After separating from Satsuki, Moroha looked back while walking his way back home together with a big yawn.
A Sunday spent with his「little sister」was over with this, though it was too early for that.

Akane Academy was a boarding high school.
Moroha, who returned to the dorm past midnight, took a bath in the large public bath and returned to his room.
Curfews were in name but not in reality, it was a complete single room with no room sharing, so there was no problem even if he returned late at night.
Contrary to the image that came from the name of "the men's dormitory", this was a new and beautiful Western-style room.
Moroha collapsed into the bed.
As for his mood, his state of mind was of「A holiday that couldn't get rid of work fatigue and a company employee that kept being coiled around by a large-breed dog while paying attention and spending time with it」
At the end, 「Hahaha, this one is so cute」was wicked because it wasn't all bad. After everything was over, he was so tired to the level it was really regrettable.
Moroha, who immediately fell prostrated on the pillow, dozed off.
His tired mind sunk into the world of slumber—then, at that moment, his mobile telephone began to ring.
Answer the call? Or pretend he didn't notice?
He hesitated for three seconds, but in the end, he reached for his cell phone on the desk.
– Hello?

□It’s terrible, Moroha! Open the window immediately and look out!□
The cornered voice of Satsuki…!
Moroha woke up in an instant. He jumped out of the bed and stood by the window.
He opened the window and gave a sharp gaze to the surroundings from the third floor. Then—
– Toouh!
Astonishingly, Satsuki appeared before him.
– Catch me, Nii-sama!
Her fairy-like and supple limbs jumped into Moroha’s chest from outside the window.
Both feet that lightly revolved in the air were wrapped in a sparkling golden *prana*.
She came jumping to the window of the room on the third floor using□Godlike Movement□.
– Wait!
It was nice he caught her by reflex, but Moroha was unable to support the girl who came jumping with such a great momentum, he ended up being pushed down.
– Yay, I’ve arrived.
– Don’t “I’ve arrived” me! This is the men’s dormitory! Females aren’t allowed!
As one would expect, Moroha was unable to be calm at this reckless action and raised his voice.
– Because, because, because I couldn’t get in the women’s dormitory.
Satsuki stood up excitedly and straddled Moroha around his abdomen.
With the softness of the round butt of a woman leaning directly on him, Moroha required a lot of effort to keep his complexion unchanged.
– I’ll listen to your words, so move away.
– Really?
– Really. This posture is dangerous.
When Moroha pointed so, Satsuki got taken aback.
She blushed and fidgety stepped aside from above.
If you’re going to blush, then don’t do that from the start. It’s incredible how defenseless you are. It’s bad for the heart. Moroha felt uneasy in his mind.
He got up while stealthily taking a deep breath, sat cross-legged on the floor and asked about the circumstances.
– Particularly today, the dorm’s ma’am was awfully displeasured, she was standing watch at the entrance as if wanting to vent her anger on someone…
It seemed that Satsuki sensed this from outside and escaped, tucking her tail between her legs.
– That’s why, give me shelter today, Nii-sama ♥.
She pressed her hands together in prayer and begged with upturned eyes.

Moroha could just be lost for words.
From Satsuki's point of view, her feeling was「I'll cheerfully stay at my very lovely Onii-chan's place」, but from Moroha's point of view, this was nothing but「A man giving shelter to a girl of the same age」.
– Impossible. Totally impossible.
– Boo. So what do you mean? Are you telling me to sleep out in the open air?
– What about spending the night at a karaoke or café?
– That's dangerous for a lonely girl, you know? There have been many incidents recently, you know?
– You're also a *Shirogane* so why would you be beaten at your own game?
– Today I did a lot of shopping so I'm already in a pinch this month!
Satsuki took along the shopping bags she came holding firmly.
– It'd be great if you hadn't bought my clothes…
He had just finished complaining but it was too late.
– Going out with me for the day was a promise, right? Publicly, tomorrow morning isn't Sunday.
– You have a comeback for every remark…
Moroha folded his arms and stared at Satsuki with scornful eyes.
While Satsuki stared back at him with cute upturned eyes,
– If Moroha can't keep his senses with me, then I'll also give up…
– This girl…
Moroha groaned. A form in which the responsibility was splendidly shifted onto him.
He had no choice but to reply "do as you like".
(This is my little sister. My little sister. It's a waste but it's my little sister, there's no doubt)
Moroha convinced himself by reciting so many times in his mind.
He was about to check the Doki Doki Meter on his head now, but he controlled himself.
(Because of Satsuki, now I have a strange habit, haven't I?)
And had a surly face.
Without being aware of that,
– That's right! We're siblings after all! An overnight stay is practically normal, isn't it!?
Satsuki was very delighted. She was in high spirits and about to cling to him.
—But she immediately and suddenly stopped and begged bashfully while blushing again.
– I came running from the women's dorm so can I borrow your shower?
He had no choice but to reply "do as you like".

Moroha, who liked large public baths, rarely used it, but each dormitory room had a shower.
As expected, the dressing room was small and not partitioned by doors.

Satsuki took off her clothes behind Moroha who faced the wall.
– Y-you absolutely mustn’t look this way!
– … I know.
– Even siblings have things that should and should not be seen!
– .. I said I know. You don’t have to remind me each and every thing.
– One more thing, can Moroha lend me one of his clothes? A T-shirt will do, please?
– Isn’t it okay to sleep with the clothes you bought today?
– That’s a big no, those are for a date! For the decisive battle against Urushibara!
– Will a small one do…?
– Only if Moroha loosens it, that is.
Moroha unreservedly exchanged a frivolous talk with Satsuki. He was grateful for that. The sounds of the seductive rustling of clothes that resulted from undressing made his heart go crazy. When it ended up getting strangely silent as a grave, he had trouble breathing.
And even Satsuki suddenly raised a shrilling voice,
– Y-you must not peep, alright? Nothing of peeping, you heard me?
She oddly entered the shower room looking nervous.
– I told you to not remind me of everything, didn’t I? Now I’m needlessly conscious thanks to that…
Moroha, who confirmed so, talked to himself so as to not be heard.
An incredibly beautiful girl was taking a shower in his room.
Even the sound of water made him feel flustered, even the act of taking out a T-shirt from the closet felt vivid.
– From this moment, will I be able to sleep tonight with something like this?
Even though he was tired. He gave up and scratched his head.
Moreover, if he waited for her to come up, Satsuki would absolutely never come out of the shower. Despite being incredibly sleepy, she didn’t come out even after waiting for one hour. Not just shopping, what he had heard about women taking long baths was true as well.

The door of the shower finally opened and when Moroha turned his back on it again, a voice rose from behind.
– Hey…. Do you know the story known as「Never push」?
– Hmm? What's that?
– … Moroha is mean.
Moroha, who didn't watch variety shows, couldn't understand the reason why Satsuki let out a big sigh.

– You can turn around now.
Having gotten permission from Satsuki, Moroha stopped glaring at the wall.
Satsuki, who had just put on a lent T-shirt, was there.
Due to her physique, it looked just like a mini dress for her.
– Uwaaa, it's too large.
Satsuki, who innocently played with the sleeves that were too large, looked unbelievably cute.
Despite that, the hair that had the side tail undone was awfully fresh. Not only that, its half-dried state felt strangely sexy and the whiteness of her bare legs extending smoothly from the hem of the T-shirt were pretty much superb.
The loveliness of a girl and the sex appeal of a woman lived together and that was, once again, extremely **exciting**.
So much it was unendurable.
– Let's sleep.
Moroha said bluntly together with a cough.
If he hadn't done so, the agitation on the inside would have been perceived.
Even if Doki Doki Meter didn't exist.
– I'll sleep on the floor. You can use the bed.
– Eh!? Moroha is going to have it tough, no?
– That's not a problem. I prepared myself for that when I decided to give shelter to you.
– W-w-wwww-we should get into the futon together, shouldn't weee?
– I have an excuse for that. That's really dangerous… in many ways.
– I-i-i-it's okay! We're siblings after all!
– How's that a problem…?
– Because if Moroha had an interest in me, then I would have become his prey a long time ago, when I was taking a shower, don't you agree!? But you didn't peep at all!
Satsuki strongly insisted that it was fine to do something like sleeping together because they were siblings.
(For some reason, I feel like I've lost just by being so conscious about her…)
Moroha scratched his head.
(But it's also bad to quarrel here and not be able to sleep)
He did so and immediately prepared himself for the worst.
(She's my little sister…. She's my little sister…. She's my little sister….)

He got into the bed first while reciting so in his mind.
He didn’t have the courage to get into the bed with Satsuki already in it.
The order of things was important after all.
He constantly looked at the wall while putting the sheets on his head.
Then, together with a「*Bip*」electronic sound, a cool breeze caressed his nape.
– Why are you turning the air conditioner on?
Moroha turned around and questioned Satsuki who had the remote control in her hand.
– Because it’s hot?
– It’s still April though? It’s a waste so turn it off.
– It’s not like Moroha pays for electricity, right?
Satsuki ignored him and kept lowering the configured temperature continuously with「*Bip* *Bip* *Bip* *Bip*」.
The parsimonious Moroha felt an illusion as if his foundation had been demolished unreservedly.
Something like “who pays this” had no logic. It was indelibly stained.
As he thought about what he should say, Satsuki slipped into the sheets excitedly.
「Older brother」and 「little sister」lie sprawled as if staring at each other.
Due to the indescribable smell of soap and shampoo hanging over, Moroha was at a loss for words.
(Normally, I’m the one using those and yet…. Women are scary)
The only thing he thought was that they were made so they could melt a man’s heart.
Moroha didn’t feel… the need to strive to calm his burning body or something like that because he rapidly felt cold.
The air conditioner, which had been buzzing for a while to accumulate power, began to blow a cold breeze with a tremendous force that felt as if it vented its anger.
– No matter how you put it, did you set the configured temperature too low…?
Moroha was with eyes half-closed.
– I always use this much!
As if to not give in, Satsuki folded her arms while still laying down and closed her eyes tightly.
– It’s too cold, you won’t be able to sleep, will you?
Moroha kept staring at her, applying pressure with his voice, but he was unable to bend her attitude. In the end,
– If it gets too cold, then you can approach me more. You can cling to me.
She peeked from the too-large collar and said as her skin to the area around the collarbone was bright red.
Moroha, with his eyes still half-closed, looked at the air conditioner cooling the room at full power.

Next, he saw Satsuki bashfully waiting for him despite mixing shame and expectation.
– So you were scheming something like that, huh…
– W-w-w-what are you talking about!?
Satsuki replied loudly to gloss it over.
She panicked, her eyes still closed and her arms folded.
– … Come on.
Moroha no longer had his eyes half-closed, and when he showed a wry smile on his face,
– Don’t regret it, alright? I won’t let you turn over while sleeping.
He extended his hands to Satsuki and embraced her with all his heart.
– Hauwah.
It wasn’t to the level of just sleeping by clinging to her, Satsuki-chan had already become a body pillow.
As expected, Satsuki, who didn’t read that, was confused, but Moroha didn’t care anymore.
– Ooh. What a nice hot-water bottle.
He enjoyed the warm, soft and small body feel to his heart’s content.
Satsuki was nervous and rock hard, but the suppleness of her body fitting into Moroha’s arms wasn’t spoiled at all. It was filled with youthful elasticity.
That had some sort of seductive feeling—but mysteriously, and more than anything, had a **nostalgic** feeling.
By doing so, he felt incredibly relieved.
Without fear of misunderstanding if compared to the soul part.
– Well then, good night.
Moroha closed his eyes, still embracing Satsuki tightly.
He felt like he could have nice dreams tonight.
The fatigue, which was waved about by Satsuki the whole day, slowly stole the consciousness from Moroha.
The sweet smell of Satsuki and the warmth of her skin filled the blank spaces of his consciousness as tranquility.
– Hey, wait, Moroha!? You’re sleeping already!?
Satsuki was panicking for some reason in his arms, but Moroha couldn’t hear her anymore.
– As a man, how can you sleep as soon as you hug a cute girl like me!? No, it’s not like even I think about an outrageous think like that! I-i-i-i-i-is it fine if I kiss you? Hello? Hey, do you hear me, Moroha!?
He began the trip to the world of dreams with Satsuki’s shouts as a lullaby.
– You’re really sleeping! Jee□□□□z. We were able to□reunite□at the entrance ceremony! But we’re busy every day! Right when the two of us were finally able to relax today! You don’t have to kiss me, so let’s talk more, spend time with me. Stupid, stupid, stupid Nii-sama! Stupid, stupid, stupid, uwaaaaaan.
None of Satsuki’s lamentations reached Moroha’s ears.

The only thing she was conscious about was that she felt like she had lost, and the grumbling Moroha was──
In the end, Satsuki kept throbbing like crazy until morning, she couldn't do the slightest movement or take a nap in Moroha's arms.
On the contrary, Moroha was able to sleep soundly, the best sleep since he started living in the dormitory.
If Doki Doki Meter was really a thing, how many points had they been able to score with each other? If such a game really existed──
At the very end, the older brother won the turn-around.
– Moroha? Is it something wrong desu, Moroha?
Shaken by Maya, Moroha came to his senses.
– Oh, sorry. I just remembered a lot of things…
– What kind of things did you remember desu?
– Oh, it's not a big deal.
*Sleeping with my "**little sister**" in my bed isn't a big deal. Yeah.*
It's not a big deal if I don't talk about this with other people in detail. Yeah.
– Anyway, for me, Satsuki is──
Moroha answered Maya's question while coughing.
– ──A girl that wants to spoil me… I guess.
Whether or not he considered her as his little sister in the real meaning of the word, that question was still unclear.
The matter in question could be easily asserted.
– I'm jealous of Satsuki-onee-san desu.
Maya looked somewhat charming while saying so.
– Maya is more dependable than Satsuki after all.
When Moroha adorned with a joke, Maya burst into giggles.
– Who's more dependable than who, Nii-sama?
The little sister-sama barged in!
A ladle in her right hand and her left hand put on the waist; what a daunting pose. She stared at him with scornful eyes.
– You're cooking, aren't you?
– I am, I'm busy, unlike Moroha who's secretly talking to a little girl!
– M-my selfishness tried to take a break…
– That's right. Can that selfish time listen to the request of your cute little sister?
– … Please say it.
– Urushibara's break ended long ago but she hasn't come back!
– … In other words, you're telling me to "look for her and bring her back"?
– Yeah. Can you do that?
If Satsuki's mood was brighten up with that, then that was easy.
– But why don't you take a break? You've been working non-stop since morning, right?
– How can I rest with this!?
Satsuki grasped the ladle tightly and shouted being somewhat excited.

– W-what do you mean…?
– The customers that inundated the shop that I designed haven’t stop demanding my tea and cooking. I’m deeply moved, this very same feeling is telling me that I’m thankful for my good fortune in business! A-pleasant-feeling!!
Satsuki talked about her feelings while making her eyes shine with an ecstatic face.
He could see at a glance that she was excited.
– … You’re fully enjoying it, huh. The school festival.
Well, that was a very, very good thing, no?
– O-okay. Good luck with your cooking. Don’t keep your customers waiting, alright? I’ll look for Shizuno.
Moroha hurriedly set forth.
Because time to change clothes was too precious, he was still dressed in waiter clothes. It wasn’t going to be too stiff if the collar was loosened a bit.
– Maya will look for her with you desu.
Why did he walked in the hallway, holding hands with Maya who accompanied him?
– Is the inspection ready?
– It’s not over yet desu. I want to hear more stories from Moroha desu.
– What kind of inspection is that…?
He cocked his head in puzzlement as he kept talking with Maya.
– How are you going to look for Shizuno-onee-san desu?
– I might know where she is.
– Moroha knows Shizuno-onee-san very well desu!
– I wonder about that…. The difference between the times I’ve known and the times I’ve haven’t known is way too exorbitant…
– But based on what I understand—I would like to hear about Shizuno-onee-san from Moroha’s point of view desu.
The same question when it was about Satsuki.
Moroha thought as he walked.
– Maya hasn’t been able to grasp it clearly desu, but she’s a strong *Kuroma*, isn’t she desu?
– I saw and fought with a number of strong *Kuroma* in Russia but none of them, with the exception of Lightning Empress, seemed to be stronger than Shizuno. This is probably amazing, right?
– Not many people are *Kuromas* desu. A strong *Kuroma* is even more valuable nanodesu. After all, the only A-Rank in the Japanese Division is Mari-onee-chan, but that doesn’t mean that Onee-chan is good at fighting desu.
– In short, Shizuno is a *Kuroma* fighting to be the number 1 or 2 in Japan.
She was an inattentive person, she hated working and she normally didn’t show a particle of her strength.
Thanks to that, her rank was still D.

Well, there was that, but it was thanks to the principal's consideration that Shizuno, who seemed eager to hide her true strength, was secretly kept as such.
– I've gotten a bit curious, but how many strong *Kuromas* are in the world?
– The top three are definitely Moroha, Lightning Empress and PSG desu. That remains the same nanodesu.
– I didn't think my name would appear there….
Moroha, who felt embarrassed, scratched his head.
– The British Division are lacking *Kuromas* and they are worried about it, the Chinese Division have none of them in the first place desu. There should be no more than 2 or 3 A-Rank Kuromas in America nanodesu.
– Now that I hear so, really strong *Kuromas* are indeed valuable, huh.
– A-Rank *Kuromas* are in crowds, but「Cradle of the Sun」is more than an exception desu.
That was why Charles and company and France were feared.
– With the exception of Charles, they aren't seen actually fighting, so not much of them is known, huh…. But if I remember correctly, Shizuno had won against one of the leaders in a 1VS1, right?
– His name is Dario Verratti nanodesu. It is said he introduced himself as「The Gas」so he should be among the top five of *Lés Élements* nanodesu.
──And like that, Moroha and Maya sorted, compared and brought to the light the information they knew.
– Doesn't that mean that "Shizuno-san" is among the top ten in the world?
– T-that's cool desu…

They ended up getting completely excited while talking.
They probably forgot where they were walking, and when they noticed, they had reached their destination.
A place that exceptionally preserved quietness within the school filled with the hustle and bustle of the festival.
The school infirmary.
Moroha asked the school nurse, interrupting them slowly and quietly.
– If it's about Urushibara-san, she's resting because she feels sick.
Bingo.
When they were guided, she was peacefully asleep on the bed. What made her feel sick?
– Huh? If you take your eyes off from this person when work is entrusted to her, then this will definitely happen.
Moroha smiled wryly.
The sleeping face of Shizuno told him she was feeling really good, he couldn't hate her when looking at her.
And when coupled with her beautiful face, he wanted to keep staring at her forever.
It didn't mean she was going to return to the home economics room with this.

(It was like that back then, huh)
Moroha thought back upon that with a wry face.
Yes.
That was, if he wasn’t mistaken, in June, after the incident with Edward—

Chapter 2: The imperial wrath of Urushibara Shizuno

For the penurious student Moroha, there weren’t many ways to spend a holiday.
However, depending on how humans felt about it, it didn’t mean it was equal to unhappiness.
Moroha loved baths despite being a man, and fortunately, there was a large public bath in the men’s dormitory of Akane Academy, so he could take a bath peacefully.
He could spend his time luxuriously in morning baths, double baths and triple baths.
Just comfort. A relaxation for his mind to forget the daily fatigue.
(I’m so glad I came to this school!)
Even though several months had passed since he enrolled, his excitement hadn’t faded.
It was Sunday, so Moroha, who enjoyed the morning bath to its fullest today, returned to his room in a cheerful mood.
He smilingly opened the door—and his smiling face froze.
– Kyah.
He heard an unnatural scream.
From inside.
Moroha stared at the situation and at his own room and no other’s room while ceasing to think for a moment.

Shizuno was changing clothes.

She had just taken off her skirt, she was in her underwear now.
As if it weren’t enough, her pure-white bare-naked body jumped into the eyes of Moroha.
The rich bust she boasted was wrapped up in a bra woven with delicate lace, it was absurdly seductive. Conversely, her panties had an elegant and simple design, making the nice lines of the shape of her perfectly rounded hips stand out distinctly.
It was poison.

Kodoku that ruined the sense of sight.*
***TN: Kodoku is a type of poisonous magic found in Japanese folklore. It is the Japanese derivative of the Chinese Gu magic (Wikipedia).**
– Sorry.
Moroha apologized with a single word and closed the door.
After that, he took a good look many times and confirmed that this was his room and that this was the men's dormitory….
Five minutes later—
Moroha put out a small folding table in the room, laid out two zabuton and faced Shizuno.*
***TN: Zabuton are flat floor cushions used when sitting or kneeling, usually rectangular.**
Shizuno was dressed in her uniform despite being a day off.
Moreover, that incomprehensible act she was doing, the act in which she changed clothes to the ones she had taken off just now.
Yes, it was incomprehensible, but since he ended up taking a quick look at her changing clothes (?), there was no difference.
– I'm really sorry.
Moroha apologized to Shizuno. With a dejected face.
– Ara? It's not like you need to apologize though?
Shizuno replied indifferently. With a Noh mask-like face.
She was a girl with a doll-like plastic beautiful face, but her facial expression didn't move that much just like a man-made product.
Moroha have never seen Shizuno change her expression or violently reveal a face that said—whether she was happy, angry sad or had fun.
(She's a precious woman; what a waste…)
He always thought so.
If this beautiful girl were all smiles with joy, even Moroha would surely be happy, if she were to be happy from the bottom of her heart, she would have a smiling face so beautiful he would be fascinated by it.
Well—that wasn't the reason Moroha was dejected just now.
– That's right. This is my room. Even if it was an accident, I wasn't the careless one.
He advocated his logic while scratching his head. Without expression,
– Why are you changing clothes in this room!?
And,
– In the first place, why did you intrude of your own accord!?
He criticized.
A blade hidden between those lines was thrust at her, but Shizuno said calmly with that same Noh mask-like face of hers.
– Yes, Moroha isn't at fault, and it's not an accident. I just wanted to show you.
– Are you a female molester?
Moroha retorted at the speed of light.
– If you wish, I'm ready to be even a female molester?

– You wish for that, right?
– Even Moroha really wants to see, right?
Shizuno pulled up her jacket.
Her beautifully-shaped abdomen and navel said good day.
– It’s not necessary.
Moroha extended his arms and brought down the hem of Shizuno’s jacket.
Seen from the outside, this was an exchange that felt as if wanting to retort “what are you doing!”
– Why are you doing that? Are you an ero girl-chan from Ero Mountain district…?
– Because Moroha makes me horny?
– You’re shifting the responsibility onto me…?
– Because Moroha makes me angry?
– Can you go back now?
– Because Moroha makes me feel mechanical?
– You have no trace of being a prototype already…
Shizuno’s expression didn’t move like an artificial product, even while just joking.
As a matter of fact, if she had confessed “I am an android”, he would have believed her.
– Will you say it honestly? My underwear excited you, right?
– Why are you asking my thoughts…?
– My boobs excited you, right?
– A girl doesn’t say “boobs” out loud in front of a man.
Moroha sighed powerfully at the girl who asked terrifying things with that same serious look on her face.
When he closed his eyes, being mentally fatigued, the pure-white skin of Shizuno scorched into the back of his eyelids was—no no no.
Moroha, who hurriedly opened his eyes and whose cheeks were getting hotter although it was too late, couldn’t bear it.
He couldn’t look Shizuno in the face.
– What is it? You’re suddenly not looking me in the eyes.
– W-Well. Isn’t it your imagination?
– Like I thought, you were excited by my fresh and youthful body, weren’t you?
– I’m telling you, it’s your imagination.
Moroha strongly feigned ignorance, but his persuasiveness was zero because he couldn’t make his eyes meet hers.
(Let’s calm down…. If I’m waved about by her pace, I’ll lose)
He persuaded himself at least.
And then—Moroha suddenly noticed.
Without being able to see Shizuno’s face normally, and when his eyes faced the top of her head, he saw it.
The black hair of Shizuno that prettily ran down and that it was so long that a sigh would come out—

There was one tuft of hair, an unruly hair that stood up and popped up in a sudden manner there.
It was a bit different from the so-called□idiot hair□used as a trademark for manga and anime characters. The unruly hair of Shizuno was really small and inconspicuous.
(Feeling that it's only popping up there is so amusing)
Despite being worried, Moroha, whose excitement finally cooled down, corrected his seated posture and looked straight at Shizuno's eyes.
Rather than that just now, there were words he had to say to Shizuno.
– I've told you to not do actions that deteriorate the value of a girl, haven't I?
Underwear and the like shouldn't be easily shown to men.
That was a loss for girls.
She would certainly regret it in the future.
Why didn't she understand that?
– You do lack shame.
Despite thinking that he looked like she was being lectured by himself, he hardened his heart for the sake of Shizuno and scolded her insistently.
Then peeked at her reaction, wondering if Shizuno understood this time.
– Gu═…
– Don't sleep with your eyes open.
– It's my special skill.
– That's not something to be proud about.
This had no effect on her? Moroha pressed his forehead down.
– I've had enough. So? Why did you come this very early in the morning?
– I've brought a wonderful story to Moroha.
Shizuno detoured around the table in a clockwise rotation while walking on her knees and snuggled up to him closely.
Moroha walked on his knees and escaped in a clockwise rotation, changing to a sitting position.
Shizuno followed him in a clockwise direction.
Moroha escaped in a clockwise direction again.
Seen from the outside, a scene that felt as if wanting to retort "what are you doing!" unfolded.
– Why are you avoiding me?
– I'm taking into consideration the fact that a man and a woman are alone in a small room like this, you know?
Don't make me say it, it's embarrassing, Moroha shrugged his shoulders.
– Moroha is an oddball.
– Why do I have to be verbally abused in this course of events…?
– Since there is a man and a woman alone in a small room like this, you can rub my boobs thoroughly as a substitute for a proper greeting, you know?
Normally that is.
– It's normal in the world of ero manga…
You're the oddball, Moroha endured a headache.

However, and without a moment’s delay, Shizuno,
– Ara? Does Moroha have an interest in lewd manga?
– …… That is the common opinion.
For some reason, Moroha ended up replying, sitting straight.
It was difficult to try to not panic.
(Dammit, I’m losing miserably…)
Moroha scratched his head.
If there was a chance, Shizuno would do nothing but lewd stuff.
She certainly would misunderstand that she was enticed.
But, it’s a joke. I’m being teased.
Moroha thought so.
(This is bad, really bad…)
Thinking that this wasn’t really a misunderstanding, he had no choice but to let it be a waste.
– Hey, can I ask you something?
Shizuno whispered into his ear as if having a secret talk.
– In the men’s dormitory, do you lend and borrow lewd books?
– If I disclose that, I’ll be beaten up, so I use my right to remain silent.
– It’s similar to how they nicely do it at the women’s dormitory?
– … Nobody asked that.
– Don’t you get excited when you imagine it? It can be used as a food for thought, no?
– What are you talking about?
– Like I thought, you use my underwear?
– I told you already, don’t pull up your jacket.
Got it.
Moroha finally understood.
Shizuno surely had spare time, so she came to tease Moroha.
– Even if it’s a joke, you should be blushing a bit or something or anything… you’re a girl, no…?
– Ara? Moroha is the one who said that I lack shame, no?
– So you heard me? You pretended to be asleep.
Moroha dropped his dejected shoulders.
He was willing to have fun with her, but he wished to avoid the「Let’s make fun of Moroha-kun: The game」.
– Not that you brought me a wonderful story…?
He reproachfully looked at Shizuno.
– Yes. Won’t you be a part-timer, Moroha?
The dropped shoulders of Moroha rose with a twitch.
It wasn’t like he didn’t think—*how many detours did she make just to announce that?*, but she threw such a trivial thing in a corner of the room,
– I would, but our school prohibits work, no?
He asked nervously.
Moroha was a poor student.

So he wanted to do it very much, but he had no intention of breaking the school regulations.
-It’s a daily-employed job prepared by the school, so it’s fine.
– Really?
His interest suddenly welled up and became a bit more interested in it.
He heard the details of the job and the amount of salary, his facial expression gradually became brighter and in the end, he was all smiles with joy and accepted with two replies.
– Thanks. I was already in a pinch this month.
Moroha took Shizuno’s hands and waved them euphorically.
The unmanageable Shizuno, who teased Moroha as if it were a hobby, was also a girl who frequently helped him in one way or another.
– It would be great if you could get excited seeing me change clothes as you do with that much cash.
Shizuno said as if being disgusted,
– Even if you put it like that, I’m happy that you’re delighted.
The strength that grasped Moroha’s hand back was strong.
It was tight.
– Let’s go at once. I’ll change to my uniform too.
Moroha stood up.
– Yes, I’ll wait.
Shizuno remained sat on the zabuton.
The gazes of the two entwined.
They fixedly stared at each other.
And Moroha applied pressure, being silent, and Shizuno dodged it with a blank look on her face.
(This is a waste of effort…)
In the end, Moroha gave up first together with a sigh of grief.
He reluctantly pointed to the door.
– Get out.
– Why?
– I told you I’m going to change clothes.

– You won’t let me see?
– I don’t have to.
– But you saw me changing clothes. It’s unfair.
Moroha dragged Shizuno, who said so nonchalantly, out of the room.

Shizuno waited outside the main gate of the men’s dormitory.

At a distance, no matter how she looked at her, she was an absolute perfect young lady.
A graceful aura.
A nice posture and a straight back. Despite all that, there was no oppressiveness, nothing that spoiled her cuteness.
When she wore her usual uniform, she was like the finest item there was.
She dressed herself stylishly and flawlessly.
Still, there was something.
Shizuno was restlessly playing—with her own hair—with the unruly hair that Moroha had discovered a short while ago.
That was the only bad point she had.
When he recalled it again, Shizuno felt like she played with that unruly hair when she was bored or when she was thinking about something. She had forgotten to not show she had a habitual movement of their hands when Moroha was right next to her.
– I kept you waiting.
Now, as soon as she sensed the presence of Moroha, Shizuno stopped playing with it.
She conducted herself as if that unruly hair didn't exist.
She was a flawless young lady again.
– Well then, let's go, shall we?
Humans had one or two habitual movement of their hands. Moroha, without particularly caring about it, started walking as if he had been asked to do so.
The two of them headed to the library of Akane Academy.
Although it was cozy, it was detached from the school building as a separate building and had a sufficient collection of books for general high school students.
– The part-time job is about organizing books, right?
– Yes. Did you know that the library has a book storage in the basement?
Moroha shook his head to the left and right at the question of Shizuno.
– In that physically and magically multi-shielded place, there are separated books that can't be placed above.
– Hee, scary. What kind of books do they have? Is it absolutely necessary to go that far?
– Dark Arts books written by our senpais, of course.
Moroha was completely satisfied with Shizuno's reply.
In order for *Kuromas* to use Dark Arts, they enhanced the *mana* sleeping inside them and followed the required steps to put characters into written form in the empty sky with that *mana*.
Naturally, it was no good to write nonsense.
Those were ancient magic characters, and a Dark Art had an established phrase.
For that reason, there were Dark Arts books that compiled those phrases as models for inexperienced students.

The Dark Arts books could be difficult if handled carelessly.
As it had been in the past, a book that had Flame Dark Arts written in it and their ancient magic characters reacted of their own accord to the *mana* that a not-so-serious man didn't intend to thoughtlessly emit near them, becoming an unexpected fire.
They were strictly stored to prevent accidents like that, so they couldn't be lent, but on the other hand, the school tradition respected the autonomy of the students so there were no restrictions established in particular to read them.
If someone wanted to read them, they could inspect them in the building at any time.
– Those Dark Arts books frequently disappear into ordinary bookshelves rather than in the underground book storage. There have been many occurrences in this semester in particular, and 10 books have disappeared this year.
– Why does that happen?
– The ones who want an example are freshmen. The freshmen don't know the fear of handling Dark Arts books roughly.
– Carelessly, huh. Fooling around, huh. Those things are…
As Moroha shrugged his shoulders, Shizuno bowed her head in assent.
– In short, this is a part-time job to look for those 10 missing books?
It was a tiring task because they had to look for them among a collection of more than 10,000 books. However, Moroha had a hard-working character, and because the part-time job had a generous pay, his motivation suffered no changes.
– I don't think it's limited to Moroha, but if for some reason or other we got excited and had to release *mana*, a clumsy thing like that is strictly prohibited while looking for them, alright?
– I don't think there's anything exciting in the library….
– There are no lewd books though.
– Don't bring that up…
Why—
They continued having a friendly chat after that and arrived at the library with lively steps.
Akane Academy was, in the first place, a new school established five years ago. Naturally, its library was brand new. Even when getting inside, the smell of the fresh wood of the new bookshelves was stronger than the smell of old mold of the books.
It was a day off, so it was originally closed, but Shizuno was entrusted with the key and entered from the entrance.
Actually, this was the first time Moroha came, so he curiously patrolled the inside of the building for a while.
Combined with the fact it was unpopulated, the peaceful atmosphere was a space that felt all the more dignified.
As they walked between the bookshelves standing in a row,

– I always think every time I come to the library—
Shizuno, who was next to him, came to a stop and looked up at Moroha's face.
For some reason, Moroha also stopped walking and prompted the continuation of the story.
– Shouldn't one do something like forcibly steal the other person's lips by making sure to drive them to the bookshelves in this way?
– There's no need for that, ever.
Moroha almost became disappointed.
– Look, like this.
Shizuno spread her hands, stretched them and put them against the bookshelf, trying to make sure to lock up Moroha.
– Come on, you don't have to try doing it.
– Did you lose control? Aren't you excited?
– It will be dangerous if we get excited and release *mana*, so be careful.
– I'm the one firing the immorality up?
– I already knew you were a pervert…
Even if the thing about the Dark Arts books was set aside, he thought that it was no good to do lewd stuff in the library.
– Do we split and search? If I stay with you, I'll keep being teased and we'll make no progress.
– A sound argument.
– If you're aware of it, then reflect on that.
Moroha retorted with half-opened eyes, but Shizuno was so amused she couldn't help but make fun of him, so the improvement request never ripened.
Anyhow, they decided to search for the Dark Arts books in two groups.
Searching all the bookshelves from beginning to end was a simple work.
It was troublesome but there was no other effective way.
The Dark Arts books had the title written down with magic characters on the spine, so they could find them with just a glance. As long as they had patience, the part-time job could be done. Without enthusiasm, it was easy-peasy for someone like Moroha.
(I wonder if it will be done in one day)
While viewing dozens of giant bookshelves standing in a row, Moroha started in a relaxed manner.

Two hours later—
– Surprisingly, I can't find them.
Moroha complained after he finished searching several bookshelves.
He had already patrolled around 1/6 of the entire library, but he hadn't found any books yet. Probabilistically speaking, it would have sounded good if one or two books had been found.

Some books might have been unexpectedly collected somewhere and stored in the bookshelves.
– I'm hungry…
It was almost lunch time. He looked for Shizuno to try taking a break.
Maybe Shizuno found some books, as he walked, making his heart jump with expectation—

– Gu—…

In the reading corner, he found her sleeping, prostrated on a table.
– Give me back my expectations…
Moroha felt a headache.
Most likely, Shizuno slept like a log while he worked seriously.
This is the same as an appearance fee! He wondered. That thing called society was unfair.
– Wake up, Shizuno. Shall we have lunch somewhere?
Moroha called out to Shizuno while sitting opposite her.
However, she absolutely didn't arouse from sleep.
She slept seemingly comfortable with her arms as pillows.
Certainly, there was a bright mood with large windows used for lightning around this reader's corner.
Summer was coming, but today's sunlight was tender and more powerful than any sleeping magic.
Even if he wasn't Shizuno, this was a place he couldn't help but unconsciously yawn.
– You're a hopeless person, you know?
Being somewhat charmed, Moroha silently watched over her.
If he opened his mouth, then Shizuno could harass Moroha saying nothing but lewd things, but if he was quiet, then she was really a flawless beautiful girl again.
This was a beautiful face he could forgive and appreciate.
He felt like gazing at her forever.
This time was by no means a waste.
– What do I do?
While smiling wryly, Moroha suddenly noticed.
He caught a glimpse of a point that felt out of place in the perfect beautiful face of Shizuno who became a beautiful girl in a secluded room.
A small unruly hair that stood, popping up.
With a bit of kindness, Moroha combed it, using his fingers as a comb.
**Pyokon*.*
***TN: This is the effect for "popping up".**
The unruly hair stood up bravely as if claiming its own reason for being.
– You're an obstinate one, huh.
He smiled wryly and combed it down, using his fingers as a comb again.

Pyokon
He combed it down.
Pyokon
He combed it d—
Pyokon
– Is it my imagination, or I feel like its resistance is getting stronger…?

He combed it down, **Pyokon*,* he combed it down, **Pyokon*,* he combed it down, **Pyokon*,* he combed it down, **Pyokon*,* he combed it down, **Pyokon*, hey, cut it out! *Pyokon*, *Pyokon*, *Pyokon**—

Moroha, becoming obstinate, tried to comb it down, but the unruly hair kept resisting like a tough creature that had that much of a will.
– W-what's going on here…?
In the end, feeling even the idea of respecting it already, Moroha gazed at the unruly hair of Shizuno with an astonished look.
Then—

– What are you doing?

He heard an extremely frightening voice, yes, even more frightening than the unruly hair….
He was so absorbed in it he didn't notice.
Shizuno, who was still prostrated, had woken up a long time ago.
She scowled at Moroha with the eyes of a monster that peeped back at him from the abyss.
– Shi, Shizuno… *san*?
Moroha addressed her, sitting straight.

– Did you see it?

Shizuno stood up, swaying once.
The blazingly-shining and eerie eyes looked his way.
Moroha, who remained sat, was glared at.
W-was this…?
Was this the face of Shizuno..!?
The Noh mask-like blank look on her face had disappeared somewhere else.
With an ominous look that let him easily understand the silent rage welling up inside her, she let out a hair-rising voice from the torn mouth similar to a crescent moon.
This isn't it.
She's a very beautiful girl but it's a waste, I kind of wanted to see Shizuno's facial expression but I didn't want to see the look of a man-eating fiend like this.
– It's not like you're hiding it, so the thing I saw is irresistible.

The overwhelmed Moroha pointed to Shizuno's unruly hair while drawing back with chair and all.
– Do you want me to say that I'm a cool woman that walks, fully exposing her private parts?
– That's beyond masochism and misinterpretation on top of misunderstanding.
– … Misunderstanding? When you wanted to disgrace me again and again and again and again and again and again?
He just played with her hair, but it seemed he was told a cruel thing.
– O-o-o-o-okay! I give up. I'm the one to blame. Yeah, it's my fault. So, will you? Will you forgive me? Like this, please.
– I will blow your memory away right now.
– Your face became even scarier!
Moroha let out an unbecoming shriek, kicked down the chair he was sitting on and ran away from Shizuno who raised a crescent-moon mouth.
Moroha, who was a warrior that wasn't afraid of facing any grotesque monster, who was praised as a mighty hero in his previous life and admired by the school and even by the world, had lost all face.
Shizuno was that scary now.
Or more precisely, it was an excessive surprise attack. Without time for his heart to beat.
Moroha ran away, falling and stumbling.
He should have gone to the entrance, but he panicked and escaped to the inside.
He ran as if weaving his way through the bookshelves lined in a row.
(Today is my unlucky day, huh)
Moroha took a look behind him.
Shizuno came slowly as if chasing after him with a darker-than-darkness facial expression of hell.
(What kind of nightmare is this…?)
Moroha knew.
Shizuno was an oddball and not a scary woman.
She didn't happen to have a yandere nature like characters of a manga or anime.
And yet, that unruly hair seemed to be critical for Shizuno—to the extent of going through a sudden change like this. It seemed that he shouldn't have poked it carelessly.
He certainly thought it was the subspecies of idiot hair, but it seemed to be the reverse scale of the Dragon God. Moroha, who thought "Why did I end up doing a rash thing like that?", was regretting it like crazy.
It's so absurd!
– I can't forgive you…. Something like this can never be forgiven…
The surroundings of Shizuno began to gloom abruptly.
It wasn't the weather.
Her *mana* was running wildly.

Moroha, who was also a *Kuroma*, grasped so.
Mana had the property of consuming the light, wind, heat and all kinds of energies of the natural world in its surroundings, increasing its own power even more.
For that reason, when *mana* ran wildly, only Shizuno's surroundings froze and became dark like a midwinter night, dying down even the wind.
Moreover—
Her current location was the worst.
An explosion suddenly occurred in the direction Moroha was moving.
– Wapuh.
Taking a gust of wind, Moroha reflexively guarded his face with his arms, then stopped walking and protected himself.
When he noticed—a part of the bookshelf in front of him was burning with black flames.
Flames with a color that didn't exist in nature.
Moroha got it.
The Dark Arts book that disappeared in that bookshelf and that he was looking for, might have triggered an ignition phenomenon in response to the rampaging *mana* of Shizuno.
– —Then that means, no way…
The worst imagination crossed his mind.
That materialized.
Black flame pillars rose up together with roaring sounds from the back of the library.
It wasn't one place but **nine places**.
Moreover, the flame pillars that appeared everywhere converged, forming a lump, and rushed, aiming at Moroha.
10 books with blunt binding came flying unsteadily while blazing like black hitodama.*
***TN: Hitodama are balls of fire that mainly float in the middle of night. They are said to be "souls of the dead. (Wikipedia)**
He was sure those were the rest of the Dark Arts books he was looking for.
There was no doubt they reacted to Shizuno's *mana* mixed with anger and aimed at Moroha.
At this rate, the headline of tomorrow's newspaper would be□Fire spreads in a school library: Two students died by fire□!
– Despite Shizuno being the one who said "Don't get excited and don't mess up".
Moroha was at his wit's end.
At that moment, the ten black hitodama-ish flames were already surrounding him, revolving around him as if dancing in circles in an atmosphere that had the appearance of a heretical ritual.
Moroha felt as if he had become a powerless sacrifice.
He turned his head while shaking and swaying and supplicated with minimal expectation.

– Calm down. Calm down, Shizuno!
– I’m extremely calm.*
*TN: She “said” this in katakana.
– Come to your senseeeeeeees.
Moroha screamed.
In the end, the black hitodama-like flames began to combine like amoebas, expanding endlessly.
A monster similar to a black sun and that grew fat by fully absorbing the rampaging *mana* of Shizuno was born.
A big eyeball was born in the center of whatever that demonic combination was, and began to let out even an uncanny laughter: 『*Gikekeke*』.
An unnatural phenomenon like this couldn’t be recorded in a *Kuroma*’s dictionary!
– Cut it out alreadyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!
Moroha went for the **last resort** as if being aroused by fear.
– Come, Saratiga…!
He took out his ID Tag and poured all his *prana* into it.
Like the Dark Arts books reacting to *mana* and transforming into will-o’-wisps, his ID Tag reacted to *prana*, transforming into a sword──
A steel long sword manifested in the hand of Moroha.
– I asked you! I asked you to stop! But you don’t stop so you’re the one at fault!
Violence like drawing a sword in a library was violence still. Shizuno snapped, but Moroha snapped too.
The sword blade wore Moroha’s *prana* and shone pure white like the sun on earth.
– Shara.*
***TN: I don’t know if this was intended or if it should be Shura (carnage as I translate it) so I’ll just leave it as that.**
Moroha jumped.
He headed to the black sun glaring at him as if getting cocky in the air and swung the sword without hesitation.
The white *prana* of Moroha and the strange-looking black *mana* clashed head-on, fought each other and made the inside of the building flicker with flashes of light and darkness.
– *Gikekekekekekeke!*
– Drop dead, you monsteeeeeer!
Moroha performed a slashing attack, putting all his might into it.
Zon, he cut the black sun in two, making a shuddering-feeling sound.
Together with a **Baoon** and flashy effects, the mysterious strange form vanished completely.
– I… won…
Moroha landed splendidly, but he had no choice but to monologue dumbfounded.
However, this wasn’t the place to be instantly stupefied; he encouraged,

– Snap out of it, Shizuno!
He flung his sword and drew near Shizuno whose *mana* still rampaged.
And drove her to the side of a turned bookshelf.
He put a palm on the bookshelf and enclosed her with both arms to prevent her from escaping.
– You're calm, cold and collected that is almost annoying! This is not how you are!
Finally, he told her off with shrieking vigor.
Like a bubble bursting open, Shizuno was taken aback.
Focus returned to her eyes.
Her Noh mask-like blank look on her face returned.
With that face, Shizuno slowly turned her neck and surveyed the situation around her.
Although the will-o'-wisps uproar and the demonic combination uproar were settled by Moroha's efforts, some bookshelves and books stored in them were still smoldering.
– I'm sorry… now… I came to my senses…
Her blank look was hard to understand, but based on her verbal expression and voice, he could infer she was seriously reflecting on it.
– Because of Moroha… I almost… ended up becoming a pyromaniac…
But still, it would be decided that she would get severely scolded by the school, so that was already inevitable.
– Why did you get angry like that?
However, it was bad that a chaos like this were to occur again just by having her unruly hair played with.
It wasn't good for the sake of Shizuno either.
That was why Moroha hardened his heart and asked. Investigating the root of the cause would be the point to start from.
– ……
Shizuno awkwardly turned her face away.
– Trying to feign ignorance is no good, you know? You made a mess this big. You made me feel fear.
Moroha pressed the matter again.
– ……
Shizuno awkwardly turned her face downward.
Moroha put pressure without saying anything and Shizuno tried to let it go past with a blank look on her face.
But this time, Moroha wasn't going to give up at all.
Wondering if his determination was transmitted—
– … ssed.
Shizuno replied, muttering just a few characters as if she had been beaten down.
– Sorry. I couldn't hear you. One more time please.
A burning scarlet color was visible on Shizuno's face.
That Shizuno was.

This was the first time Moroha saw that.
And Shizuno replied with a voice that seemed it would disappear.
– … I was embarrassed.
– Embarrassed? The unruly hair?
– Because it’s disgraceful, isn’t it?
Shizuno put a fist on her mouth and nodded.
Even the nape of her neck was bright red.
She closed her eyes tightly. She shivered tremblingly.
She writhed in shame. It was clearly written all over her face, she was embarrassed.
That facial expression was so cute he was startled.
It was usually like a Noh mask, so a blushing, bashful and troubled Shizuno was even cuter.
– I want Moroha to think I’m beautiful. For that, I fix and carefully and thoroughly comb my hair every morning. But only this unruly hair has never been fixed since always. Only this thing pops out, it’s ridiculous. And disgraceful.
Despite writhing in even more shame, Shizuno talked haltingly.
Moroha was flabbergasted.
– You… despite being a girl, you usually say boobs this, boobs that… and also you have a cool face when it comes to erotic things… aren’t those things embarrassing?
– That’s not what I mean.
– Ouch.
Having his shin kicked like a spoiled child, Moroha jumped up.
(That is, well…)
When he opened the lid, there was a surprisingly trivial cause.
Every adolescent boy and girl had one or two complexes.
I want to grow taller. I’d love to lose weight. Bean sprouts-like body shapes are ugly. Why are my legs so thick—
While it wasn’t to the level of caring if seen by others, this was like a big deal for the person in question.
It appeared as if Shizuno was also an adolescent girl.
Something like lacking shame was a terrible misunderstanding.
There was no doubt she was an oddball and that he pretty much didn’t know what she thought about, but now, he could really understand her feelings well.
Moroha tenderly smiled at her and advised.
– If you had short hair and perm it to make it feel disheveled, then it won’t stand out, right?
– That’s a nope…
– Why?

– Because you praised it, saying that hair that has grown long suits me…

Pouting, and with upturned eyes, Shizuno said.
You don't remember anyway, do you?—
Although those eyes reproached him and her lips pouted, she was unreasonably cute.
He thought "she surely would be cuter if she smiled", but that look also touched him emotionally.
– Sorry. I really don't remember saying so.
– Typical of Moroha, no?
Shizuno turned away while pouting.
He said it, he didn't say it; that was set aside.
(I see… She let her hair grow long for me…?)
The words of Shizuno just now, even honeyed phrases had a limit.
There seemed to be no story about feeling blessed to have been born male in this way.*
***TN: I'm not so sure about this one, so here's the raw:** □□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□
– Certainly, a longer one suits Shizuno. Moreover—
Moroha brought his face as if driving Shizuno to the wall with a hand put against the bookshelf.
And then,
– I think this unruly hair is charming, you know?
He gently kissed the top of Shizuno's head—the unruly hair that stood up with a **Pyokon**.
– Wha…
Shizuno was lost for words.
Her back straightened as if it had been stiffened and her whole body was already boiling to the tip of her fingers.
Shizuno was always the one approaching him and teasing him, making him be troubled.
For the first time, Moroha thought *I got you!*

The next morning. Before going to school.
Shizuno was dressing herself in her room.
Moroha kept the damages of the library's small fire incident to the minimum, so they were reprimanded by the principal, the part-time job client.
However, because she was told to rewrite the 10 Dark Arts books that were lost as punishment and divide the work with Moroha, she had to work hard early in the morning and after school from today.
Because of that, she prepared from an early hour than usual.

She sat in front of the dresser and carefully combed her hair messed up in sleep with a comb.
The perfection of the breathtakingly beautiful hairstyle that flew down while she spent time on that without rushing.
But the usual unruly hair still stood as expected.
She combed it out with the comb a little harder.
Pyokon.
She combed it out with the comb, getting obstinate.
Pyokon.
She combed it out boisterously.
Pyokon. *Pyokon*. *Pyokon*.
– I lost today as well.
She talked to herself while sighing from the bottom of her lungs.
But—*oh well, fine,* she thought.

Her state of mind had changed.
Because of what Moroha said yesterday.

—I think this unruly hair is charming, you know?
Those were important words as much as Shu Saura's words who praised in her previous life, saying that a long hair suited her.
Shizuno laughed while reminiscing and grasping the comb with both hands.
Then,
A beautiful girl with a big smile on her face and who looked very happy was reflected in the mirror.
– I would like to hear what you think of Shizuno-onee-chan as a girl desu.
Moroha, who indulged in meditation, came to his senses with Maya's question.
– As a girl…? I have nothing to say though. I think she's a person I knew well in my previous life.
– Your previous life as a *Kuroma* desu? You haven't checked it with Onee-san desu?
– She always gives me the slip.
Moroha scratched his head.
– Oh well, I don't have the intention of forcibly pressing questions on her. Shizuno is Shizuno and my feelings towards Shizuno will never change, no matter the previous life we had.
– W-what are those feelings desu!?
Maya snapped.
She quickly readied her memo and pen.
– W-well, having that kind of expectations troubles me, but—I rely on Shizuno completely from the bottom of my heart. I mean, Shizuno is the only one I subconsciously end up depending on.*
***TN: Depending on comes from □□□ which also means behaving like a spoiled child and fawning on and a few other choices, so it's hard to**

tell what the right usage here is. This also applies to the next “depend on”.
– Whoa. It’s the exact opposite of Satsuki-onee-san nanodesu.
– Now that you say it, yeah, it is.
He wasn’t self-aware.
– Well, adult men are curt. I’ll also be—
Moroha suddenly felt embarrassed and tried to laugh it off.
– No. Even Moroha is just a person, having a person you can rely on is fine desu.
She tried to admonish him with a farsighted tone of voice as if she were a senior.
– I-is that so?
Moroha, amazed, ended up consenting unconsciously.
– It is.
And approval came back right away. Not from Maya’s voice.
His hand was suddenly caught and pulled to the bed in the infirmary.
– Shi-Shizuno! Were you listening?
Moroha, who lost his posture due to the surprise attack, vigorously fell from his face…
Boing
He was caught by the world’s two finest cushions which were in the chest of Shizuno.
– An ❤
– S-sorry. It wasn’t on purpose.
– Ara? If it’s Moroha, he can do it as much as he likes, but you can **subconsciously** depend on me, you know?
Moroha got his head embraced by Shizuno.
The finest cushions were pressed against his whole face more plumply, becoming a serious situation.
– Mogagaah (Let go of me)
– Do you want to sleep in Shizuno’s breast pillows like this until morning?
Moroha is really a pampered child.
– Mogagagagagagagagagaagagagah (The number of mouths to feed don’t match, don’t you agree?)
– I’m joking.
Shizuno released his head.
But it seemed that the feeling of Shizuno’s breasts full of elasticity still remained on his whole face.
Moroha looked up in a meaningless way and tried to blow off the carnal feeling.
Shizuno, who showed a small dimple on her face and remained sprawled in the bed, was bitter.
– Amazing desu. Shizuno-onee-san’s breasts are also pillows desu.
– Don’t take notes about that!
Moroha retorted to Maya with all his energy.

He breathed heavily and,
– So? Can I help you with something? For example, that's right… shall we look around together?
– No, your break time ended already. I came to tell you that.
– Moroha is mean.
Shizuno tossed and turned in the bed, seemingly bothered.
– Won't Satsuki-onee-san be annoyed if you don't return fast desu?
– That's troublesome…. So, while I return, Maya-san will shrewdly have a date with Moroha, no?
– It's not like Maya minds taking turns with three people desu (happy face).
– Ara? You don't say. Ufufu.
Maya, who showed an adorable smile on her face and Shizuno, whose face wasn't smiling, glared at each other.
– Stop fooling around, and Shizuno, return already. I'll see Kammie-senpai's play then I'll be back.
– Fine, fine. If that is your order.
Shizuno got up seemingly bothered and saluted in a silly manner.
After that, she slowly went back to the home economics room.
Moroha felt relieved.
– So, can we do the rest as planned?
– Yes nanodesu.
He joined hands with Maya and left the school infirmary.
There was still time until Kamekichi's play.
Until then, they discussed about intruding in the coffee shop that Leshya's class was running.

There were many classes and clubs that applied for food-and-drink related activities.
However, there was only one home economics room. Satsuki drew the winning ticket in the impartial lottery.
The rest of the classes and clubs spread tents outside, prepared gas stoves made for food stalls and cooked.
The asphalt road that led from the school building to the back gate, while small, became something like the street of a fair.
Okonomiyaki and French toasts.
It was cold in October, so oden looked delicious.
It seemed that the guys of the clubs took the opportunity to plan making money for club expenses, so they were doing it very seriously.
– In the end, I can't make a choice desu.
– Do we buy and eat then return?
While they talked about things like that, the tent they were after came in sight.
There was a reasonable line in front of Leshya's coffee shop.
– I give up. With this, we won't be in time for the performance…

– I just have to give my name and say “inspection” desu.
– That’s not good. What if we just greet her from outside?
He wanted to see if Leshya was doing well and her working style.
He hoped the shop flourishing this much wasn’t hectic for her.
When he arrived in front of the tent, a placard instead of a signboard was hanging from the roof.

Queen Coffee Shop

Strange characters were written there.
– So it’s not a maid café…?
What kind of substitute was this?
Uneasiness began to float at the bottom of his heart, and he immediately drowned it out, saying「No, it’s thriving」
Several tables for two people were lined up inside the large tent.
Leshya was the only one serving customers.
The appearance she was dressed up was terrifying.
An extravagant and extremely black dress he wanted to call her「Queen of the Night」.
Since Leshya’s hair color was silver, the contrast looked really nice.
– Ah, can you show me the menu?
Seeing a customer say that to Leshya, Moroha refrained from greeting her.
He just watched her attentively from outside the tent.
Having the menu requested, Leshya turned a blade-like sharp glint in the eye at the male student.
With a hard tone of voice that didn’t show her emotions as usual, she replied as if attacking.
– So you bastard need first-class items like a menu?
Moroha didn’t believe his ears.
The customer began to tremble with a look as if suffering the attack of a lightning.
– T-then, what should I…
– You bastard can order the Russian tea and pudding combo. This is my recommendation.
– Eh, but I don’t like sweets…
– I said it’s my recommendation, didn’t I?
– Ah, then, that…
When the completely shrunk customer gave in and nodded, Leshya coldly retreated to the back and returned, carrying a tray.
– The price of the combo is exactly 1,000 yen.

Without an ounce of politeness, she arranged a canned tea and a packed strawberry jam that seemed to appear in the lunch service on the table with mechanical movements.
The cheap price tag came with a□Free pudding (MSRP 100 yen)□.
□□That's awful□□
Moroha reflexively felt the same as the customer, he was at his wit's end.
– What's awful?
– Oh, nothing.
Being intensely glared by Leshya, the customer became smaller.
– Eat them gratefully.
– Then, a spoon…
– So you bastard need a first-class item like that?
– Eeh!? Then, then, how am I…
– Eat them by shoving your nose and mouth into the cup like a pig. That will suit you, you bastard. No, rather, you bastard wish for that. Am I wrong?
Leshya folded her arms with an arrogant attitude and said straight out in a cold voice, without showing a particle of emotion.
(Wait a minute)
Moroha tried to intervene.
Such thing wasn't customer service. Leshya surely misunderstood. There was no doubt she was indoctrinated by□5ch□ again.
However, faster than Moroha rushing into the tent—
That customer—
– Yes! This is a reward in our woooorld.
He suddenly tore off the lid of the pudding, shoved his mouth into it and began to eat like a dog (like a pig?).
Moroha froze in place with hand extended.
Leshya's customer service continued.
– This I will watch the way you bastard shamefully indulge in it.
– Thank you very much. Thank you very much.
– What a nice way of eating. This I praises you.
– Thank you very much. Thank you very much.
– Strange. Can pigs speak human language?
– Buu□❤ Buu□□□□□□□□❤
Moroha trembled with fear, seeing the customer as if he sobbed tears of gratitude.
(Tell me! What is this, Maya!?)
(There is more than one form of customer service desu)
He asked in a low voice and Maya stealthily pointed at the line.
Moroha lent an ear to their voices which seemed strangely excited.

– Yeah, goddammit. That's so cool. How come it's not my turn yet?
– Having completely transcended from contempt and conventional feelings, that cold gaze is shivering!

– I want to be verbally abused by the beautiful silver-haired girl fast!
– Stupid. Call her our Queen.

Inside Moroha, the meaning of customer service almost caused a Gestalt collapse.
– Queen Coffee Shop. I see, it's new desu.
– We shouldn't let Leshya do such a disreputable business.
Without being able to stand or be there anymore, Moroha stepped into the tent.
– So you came, Moroha.
Leshya lighted her eyes up in an instant.
What she hadn't noticed until now was the evidence that she was engaged in serving customers very seriously.
In a stupid and nonsensical customer service!
Leshya took a view of Moroha's appearance from top to bottom, and as she showed a defenseless smile on her face,
– I was so worried that I couldn't get to see you. Being able to see Moroha dressed in waiter clothes makes me happy. That look suits Moroha very much.
– Thank you. That dress also suits Leshya—no, wait.
Moroha complained to her who stared in puzzlement.
– Stop doing this kind of sinful business right now.
– I can't understand the nuances of the Japanese language, but our business is very pleased with our customers. Our prior research was perfect.
– I'm amazed that you have a demand like this.
– All of this is the idea of my classmates I'm ought to be proud of.
– Manager, come out this very moment.
Moroha shouted towards the back of the tent, which while simple, was a kitchen.
Criticism immediately came back from the girls who were gathered there.
– So Haimura-kun from the class next-door is complaining about our business. You're barking up the wrong tree!
– That's right! Don't come blowing strange things into Leshya who meets our patrons.
– Leshya is a member of our class, of class 2! Haimura-kun should feel free to flirt with that idiot girl and the oppai girl!
Furthermore, the girls pulled Leshya to the back and blocked the way as if guarding her.
Receiving those words, Leshya was moved to tears, and covered her mouth as if she were deeply moved
No sooner she was taken aback than averted her eyes from Moroha, unable to endure being there a second longer.
– No, it's not like I think you're a traitor. Don't worry.
Moroha was happy at least that Leshya was treasured by class 2.
– But this business is too unsightly…

– Where’s the unsightly!?
– The customers are very delighted!
– They’re waiting for us, so don’t get in the way, Haimura!
The girls from class 2 insisted on the legitimacy and approval came from the line too.
Feeling completely uncomfortable, Moroha tried to come up with something—
Maya, with an angelic smile, entered the tent briskly with small steps.
Everyone’s eyes gathered on the small angel-chan.
Maya, without feeling timid, unwrapped and showed the one-day principal certificate.
– This is outrageous so the business is suspended nanodesu.
Screams and shrieks were raised from everywhere.
– Uu…. That power is absurd…
The girls from class 2 broke down crying on the spot.
– Let’s make a fresh start. The school festival isn’t over yet. There should be enough time to search for a form of business that comes with a proper business authorization.
Leshya comforted the girls.
– That’s right, it’s as Leshya says.
– Let’s do it.
– Thank you for saying that nicely!
As a glimmer of hope was lighted in their eyes, they embraced each other with Leshya at the center while encouraging each other.
Appearing to have changed their attitude, Moroha felt relieved too.
And because Leshya seemed to surprisingly be able to adapt to the class, that was welcomed too.
(She had it difficult until quite recently…)
Yes.
It had really been less than a month.
That was a story right after Moroha returned from Russia—

Chapter 3: Welcome to a fun life of martial arts

Break time between classes.
When Moroha was about to return from the toilet to the classroom, he unexpectedly came across a girl in the hallway.
A beautiful Eastern European girl with dark silver hair similar to steel.
She came right from the front with a machine-like way of walking, maintaining a uniform velocity and constant steps and impeccably waving her well forged and toned limbs. She was an overseas student from Russia.
Her name was Elena Arshavina. Nicknamed Leshya.
Formerly manipulated by the treacherous Russian Division, she only devoted herself to assassination missions by abandoning all her youth. She was the owner of terrifying aliases such as “man-eater” and□Savior□ killer of□Saviors□ , but everything was in the past now.
With the exception of Moroha, almost nobody knew that, now she was trying to adapt to school.
However, overseas students were rare, and in that sense, walking alone attracted attention.
Leshya strode, showing no concern at all right in the midst of those gazes,
– What a great coincidence, Haimura Moroha.
As soon as she saw Moroha’s face, she excitedly approached him.
– I was thinking of visiting your class at lunch break. I have something to ask you.
– OK, what is it?
A consultation from Leshya who tried a lot to not open her heart before.
Moroha felt glad and accepted with a smile.
– Have you joined those things called club activities?
– No… I haven’t. Is Leshya interested in club activities?
Hearing so, she assented with an overly serious face.
– I used □5ch□last night—
– You do like that, huh….
Leshya brought up the name of Japan’s biggest anonymous bulletin board and Moroha made a bitter face.

He had heard it was useful depending on how one used it, but there was a tendency in which posts of false rumors and slander were extremely frequent, so he couldn't honestly come to like it.
However, Leshya, with a firm look and tone of voice,
– Of course. Above all, I'm proud of being a Russian that is a fine 5ch user nowadays.
– Don't think, don't think.
Moroha retorted, but Leshya just had a question mark floating on her head while still having an overly serious face.
– Oh well… so what happened on that【5ch】?
– Last night, I extensively looked to gentlemen for advice and made a thread, saying【I can't make friends at school, I'm an overseas student so I don't know the way of making friends】.
– Another thread that seems to be ruined…
– Then they suggested【Why don't you try club activities first?】.
– Sorry, it was a decent thread.
– Of course it was. I give my thanks to >>4-san who took the initiative and gave me their opinion.
– I also would like to seriously thank >>4-san.
– Coincident with that, I remembered. The other day, the principal encouraged me to do club activities too, but I, who still didn't get it well, paid no attention to her.
– The principal's reputation is below【5ch】….
– If I do club activities, then I, who shows no signs of making friends, may do them properly.
Leshya's look was serious.
She was lonely in Russia and that was about to change when she came to Japan.
For her, who only knew about her mission, this wasn't easy.
But Leshya tried to overcome her dark past without being discouraged.
Looking at that face of hers, Moroha closed his eyes partly as if looking at a dazzling object.
– Well, I'm sure Leshya can do it.
– If I could get you to tell me so, then I also hope for it.
Leshya fumbled in her breast pocket as she unabashedly let out embarrassing words.
In front of Moroha who suddenly was suspicious of something—
And without changing her facial expression, she simply took out a throwing knife.
Why on earth was she carrying that hidden!?
Ignoring the dumbfounded Moroha, Leshya turned it and waved it with a very experienced manner of using her hands and threw it.
Sto—the knife stuck into the linoleum floor with a sound.
– Hyuueih!?
The scream of an unknown girl student was heard all of a sudden.

She shivered greatly, seeing the knife that stood at her feet.
– What are you doing, Leshya?
The expression of Leshya changed in front of Moroha who asked, being amazed.
A grim stare with wariness laid bare.
The piercing-like gaze of “man-eater” was turned to the girl student.
– She erased her presence, crept behind me and listened to our conversation.
– T-two famous people were chatting, so I just wondered what it was ab□ out.
– I’m sure she must be some sort of spy or assassin.
– *Eeeeeeeek*, I’m telling you, you’re wrong!
The miserable girl trembled violently and excused herself, but,
– Everyone says so at first. However, when I ask them to their bodies, they immediately tell the truth.
Leshya pulled out another knife while having the same grim stare with bared wariness.
– Wait wait wait wait…
Moroha grabbed the hand that had the knife as he lamented.
– You saved me, Haimura-kun!
Without missing the chance, the girl student ran away with all her strength.
Leshya turned eyes that partly reproached and that didn’t agree with it to Moroha.
– Because of you, I failed to catch her.
– If you had done so, forget about making friends in your life…
– What I hear is very strange to me. In Japan, if you reveal that someone is a spy or an assassin, then you can’t make friends. … Could it be that Japan has no anti-espionage law due to the national sentiment around those things?
– No, such sophisticated political issues have nothing to do with it.
Moroha sighed deeply again.
– Alright, let’s do club activities. A cultural and quiet as possible should do it. Leshya should never, ever join something related to martial arts because she doesn’t know how to go easy on someone and that will be dangerous.
– I’m glad that you think about me so seriously.
The uncanny glabella of Leshya began to relax as if loosing up tension swiftly.
– Asking you for advice was the right answer.
Moroha put his palm on top of the hand that remained grabbed.
A strong palm that kept holding the weapon.
A palm that couldn’t be called girly.
Even if she had stopped being an assassin, □Saviors□couldn’t possibly live a life unrelated to battle. The reason of being of Akane Academy was to improve their fighting skills to protect people from the monsters called□Metaphysicals□.

—Still, the blood flowing in Leshya's hands was indeed warm.
Moroha couldn't help but wish that the day would come when these palms were used for something girlish.
– I would be happier if you could join a club with me.
Leshya tightly grasped Moroha's hands as if clinging to them.
Without a doubt, this was a consultation with that included.
– You really do want to stay with me, huh…. But I'm a member of *Strikers*, aren't I? Club activities are prohibited….
– …. That's terrible and unfortunate.
– But we can search for one together. Why don't we take a look at them together? That way, you won't have to worry about anything, right?
– ……
Leshya pondered Moroha's proposal for a moment.
Oh? Moroha inclined his head. He thought she would certainly reply OK right away.
Then Leshya raised her face and replied resolutely with a clear face.
– I feel grateful for the offer. But I decided to look around various clubs by myself.
– I'm okay with it… but are you sure?
– I've just realized that the thing itself I'm worried about is already a problem. I took the liberty to consult it with you, but I should not rely on you. Without you, I wouldn't be able to adapt to this academy and there would be no point in coming here. That's why I'll give it a try myself first.
– Oh…
Moroha was a bit impressed. He thought that this might be the strong impression when a baby stood on their feet for the first time.
– Okay. Do your best. But if there's something that Leshya can't do alone, or if there's a problem, don't hesitate to rely on me, understood?
– Thank you, Haimura Moroha.
Leshya closed her eyes ecstatically and leaned her head on Moroha's shoulder.
Abruptly concerned about the grinning eyes of the students walking in the corridor, Moroha caught the weight of Leshya while being shy.
In the end, Leshya did so until the bell signaling the next class sounded.
They simultaneously separated from each other and headed to class 1's and class 2's classrooms.
– Then, I'd like you to pray for my good luck.
– Hahaha, sure thing.
Moroha smiled and waved his hand to Leshya who returned with a serious look.

That same day, after school.
When *Strikers'* intense special training ended, Moroha was finally ready to go home.
He took off the combat uniform in the locker room, changed into his uniform and headed outside.
He unexpectedly encountered Leshya there.
– You're still here this late? Oh, could it be that you found a club you liked without difficulty?
If so, then this was the best.
Moroha was about to bless her—and refrained from doing so.
Leshya looked strange.
Without appearing to be able to endure being there a second longer, she continued sweating cold.
– What happened?
– I couldn't do anything by myself, and troubles occurred.
– So fast.
Moroha was lost for words.
Leshya cast down her eyes feeling more and more desperate.
– I'm depressed. I should die.
– Hey, I said I'm sorry. Don't torture yourself. So don't die.
Moroha hurriedly drove away the dark shadow placed on Leshya's shoulders.
– S-so? What happened?
The "don't hesitate to rely on me for anything" Moroha intentionally tried to tap his own chest.
Leshya hesitated for a moment, but she readied herself and opened her mouth.
– That's—
However, at the same time as she started to say something—someone appeared from behind Leshya.
They suddenly appeared from behind the pillar in the passage,
– We shall explain so, □Ancient Dragon□!
And declared cheerful words.
Moroha was disconcerted and Leshya turned her head as she trembled.
In the meanwhile, two more people jumped out from behind the pillar.
All of them were unknown.
He barely grasped that they were their Senpais and not classmates.
– We want to scout her for our club!
The leading figure, the Senpai that appeared first, proclaimed in an enthusiastic voice.
– The overseas student from Russia, the infamous among the crazy powerful ones ♥.
The seductive girl Senpai on the right uttered disquieting words as she winked.

– Moreover, she’s an expert in PVP, she fits our club so muuuuuuuuuuuuuuch.
The muscular Senpai on the left said bluntly in a sweltering tone of voice.
What’s wrong with you…?
Moroha turned suspicious-looking eyes to the obviously fishy Senpais who suddenly appeared.
Then he shifted his attention to Leshya and confirmed.
– Why do they know you’re an expert in PVP?
Leshya being “man-eater” was a secret.
– They told me that those interested who came to see had to write an entry sheet and in the field of special kills I wrote that I’m an expert.
– I think pure honesty has a limit too.
No, maybe it was Leshya’s charm that couldn’t write irresponsibly.
Moroha came to that conclusion though with a wry smile.
– So why this commotion?
– After giving a simple inspection, I immediately realized that it wasn’t good, but they obstinately came courting me, I refused and refused but they don’t listen to me.
Leshya glared at the Senpais, having a look with bared wariness in her eyes.
The hand that clung to Moroha’s uniform represented the panic inside her.
– Our club isn’t bad! Try joining the club temporarily first!
– That’s right, it’s as the president says ♥.
– And guide uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuus.
All the Senpais vehemently argued what was convenient for them.
Moroha asked, his gaze still suspicious.
– So? You’re the Senpais of what club?
As if they were waiting for that question, the three Senpais lightened up their pupils and said all at once.

□□□We’re the PVP Research Club!□□□

– Not that our job is to defeat□Monsters□!?*
***TN: Monsters is used instead of Metaphysicals.**
Moroha retorted with all that he had, but he couldn’t tear down the triumphant look of the Senpais.
– W-what does this club exist for…?
He wiped the cold sweat while being dumbfounded.
Was there really such a strange club?
The world—no, Akane Academy was wide,
Moroha couldn’t react for a moment, but the hot-blooded Senpai referred as president clenched a fist in front of his chest and took a pose.
– Did you say “what does this club exist for?” How admirably of you to ask that!
Rather, he began to talk seemingly happy.

– If the White Knight Organization grows and the number of Saviors increases favorably, it wouldn't be strange that those who began to run on the path of evil and that conspired with fellow groups to plan unpardonable things eventually multiply. So we predicted. Someday it should be necessary to have an institutionalized anti Savior police-like feature within the White Knight Organization with enough political power to rival every Division! And at that time, the skills specialized in PVP will be demanded, don't you agree!?
– First of all, Onee-sans fighting against Metaphysicals is NG ♥.
– They're disgusting, I don't physiologically tolerate theeeeeeeeeem.
Everyone but the president hid their real intentions.....
Moroha was at a loss and a little appalled.
– We need that girl who is an expert in PVP as a member! That girl will become our hope and our ace in no time! Absolutely!
– As for the club, she's recognized, but the Onee-sans are social outcasts, so we want her to give us prestige ♥.
– At least I want to buy sweets every day with the club expenseeeeeeeees.
Come on, everyone but the president hides their true intentions....
– I'm grateful for the invitation, but these are the feelings of the person in question.
Moroha embraced Leshya to hide her like a father protecting his daughter.
Then, and to confirm Leshya's intention once again,
– You advised me to pass on martial clubs, so I refused.
She explained in an overly serious tone of voice despite being nervous in his arms.
– But more than that, I don't want to have such weird friends.
– That's true.
– Even I have the right to choose my friends.
– That's very true.
Moroha nodded deeply.
Given that Leshya wanted to have friends and to do club activities, this didn't mean that she wanted to find out the meaning of the activity content itself of the club.
– I'm sorry, but please leave. Senpais.
– I'll be your kouhai, Ancient Dragon!
– Onee-san will do good things to you ♥.
– I'll also be your younger brotheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeer.
– Why on earth are you that desperate…?
The Senpais hadn't even a piece of dignity.
– We're desperate. I suffer the attack of the cold look of my classmates every day!
– They make fun of us with things like Do you participate in inter-scholastic athletics competition? There's no way, is it? **Fired up** ♥.
– Uooooooooooo, now I'm crying just because I remembereeeeeeeeeed.
You should just quit that club.....

– But if a Russian overseas student joins our club—
– If an infamous Russian girl join us—
– If the Russian□Savior□, who is the representation of fear, joins ussssssssssssssssss—

□□□—No one will make fun of us!□□□

– If you don’t go home at once, I’m going to considerably lose my temper, you hear me!?
When Moroha glared at them seriously, the Senpais quickly hid behind the pillar.
– Jeez… Who’s the representation of fear?
Leshya was trying to sever ties with her past and relationship with Russia.
He didn’t want them to call Russia this and Russia that familiarly as if it were the representation of evil.
As he felt he was unable to clear his anger away, his chest was gently caressed by Leshya.
– I don’t care that much. But it makes me happy that you got angry instead of me.
He got moved by her heroicness.
With that, Moroha cooled his head down and let the ones behind the pillar know.
– Sorry, but Leshya is seriously looking for club activities. Is it possible for you to sympathize with her feelings?
– Are saying we’re not being serious!?
The president jumped out from behind the pillar and protested.
– … I think anyone would feel the same if they heard your words?
– We’re serious too! I truly want to refine my PVP skills! Certainly it’s a congenial club and that we chat and eat sweets in the clubroom, but we do serious sparring every day and we really, really want to learn from that girl!
The president made gestures, seethed his blood and exhibited a fervent speech.
Hmm, Moroha pondered.
He didn’t look like he was lying.
– I’m sorry for not having treated you seriously. I apologize.
Despite lowering his head, he looked at Leshya, wondering what had just happened.
– If they’re serious, then I want to respond seriously too.
Leshya looked up at Moroha’s face and assented overly serious.
Moroha understood and stopped embracing her.
Leshya faced the Senpais alone.
– I’m sorry, but I’m a human who only knows how to fight. And you say you’re people who live in battle seriously. If so, then I shall have a match with you. That way, and rather than continuing exchanging words, something will be transmitted to each other.

Whether Moroha supported her or not, whether he sheltered her or not, she thought and replied by herself.
Moroha smiled with his whole face and watched attentively her firm movements.
When the president clapped,
– I accept the challenge! In other words, if we show our abilities and we're acknowledged by you, then that will do!?
He consented with cheerful words.
The other two Senpais also came out from behind the pillar and showed a fighting spirit with a fearless smile on their faces.
A match by mutual consent.
(Fine, you can do it, but don't go too far, alright?)
Moroha became anxious to that extent and warned Leshya in a small voice.
(I know. We're not going to kill each other, it's a mere tryout)
Leshya assented solemnly.
(Alright, but…. Can Leshya really go easy on them? I'm worried, you know?)
(Don't worry. I'm not going to use the cursed sword and I'll stop when they're half killed)
There was no sign of jokes on Leshya's face who agreed one more time.
It wasn't that regrettable.
Moroha sighed and stared at the Senpais who were getting excited, forming a circle.
With a look of pity.

That said, Moroha, Leshya and each member of the PVP Research Club moved to the first martial arts stadium.
There was a special barrier spread inside there, so it didn't matter how injured they got, they would be as ever if they went outside of it.
It was the most suitable place to have intense matches.
Five people stood in the arena in the middle of the empty and large building.
With the three Senpais they decided that Leshya would fight them one at a time.
The first opponent was the muscular Senpai—Maeda.
Moroha and the others took distance from Leshya and Maeda and watched them attentively.
There were no other spectators. Nobody hesitated so battles could be done.
Bur for this reason both parties were serious.
They stood at around 5 meters from each other and glared at each other.

Leshya took a hand-to-hand battle stance and just used her hand as a sword without pulling out her weapon.
However, Moroha knew that if she felt like it, she could pull out a hidden knife like a magic trick at any time.
She made a dark *prana* rise well up from her whole body and calmly waited for the start.
Her expression was grim and her spirit was sharpened. It made remind herself as if she were a thoroughly tempered sword.
Maeda, on the other hand, squared his shoulders to threaten her with his blessed giant build and cracked both hands.
Without trying to show his *prana* yet, Moroha still didn't know how much of a user he was.
Without being negligent, Leshya was tensely on guard.
– Listen to my research resuuuuuuuuuuuults.
Maeda raised a thick voice to threaten her.
No sooner he thrust his thick index finger at Leshya than,
– With this battle skill, I overcame the weakness of the weak *Kuromas* in close combaaaaaaaaaaat.
He started spelling ancient magic characters with his fingertip.
– Oh, he wasn't a *Shirogane*.
Moroha was surprised.
Maeda was well built, so he subconsciously had that preconception.
On the other hand, Leshya—because it was no more than a match—willingly didn't move, and waited and saw without stopping being on guard. With the eyes of everyone gathered on him, Maeda's Dark Art was completed.
A loud sound was heard.
Immediately after, the giant body of Maeda transformed in a twinkle.
His size swelled two, three times.
The flashy effect ended and—a huge rabbit was crouching there….
What was this?
– Sshaa! You saw Maeda's specialty『Phantasmal Vision』!?
The president shouted in a triumphant pose.
『Phantasmal Vision』was a Dark Art that created a 3D image.
In other words, Maeda didn't actually transform, he created a 3D image of a rabbit as if trying to completely cover himself with it, but why this became the victory in close combat?
– Ufufu, it's cute, isn't it? You want to love it, right? ♥
– A baby is cute due to the wisdom of the Mother Nature to protect it herself! Maeda is a real tactician who further investigated that thoroughly! There should be no bad person who could attack a cute little rabbit! It's not a human, it's something different covered with human skin!
– Noooow, coooooooome. Oh, you can't come, can youuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu?
The three of them erupted in cheers and smugness.
The reaction of Leshya when she heard that—

– Understood. Then I’ll go.
As was expected, it was cold and hard like a blade.
She indeed received Maeda’s extremely arousing rash remark and judged□That it can be overturned□then came close to the giant rabbit in an instant.
By means of □Godlike Movement□, a *Shirogane’s* Light Technique that let her gain superhuman speed.
She immediately released a ruthless low kick towards the face of the big rabbit.
A kick went into his stomach that seemed to break almost like a standing baseball bat.
– Ginyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa.
Maeda immediately shouted.
The Dark Art was cancelled, the illusion of the big rabbit disappeared and his giant body was exposed.
Maeda, who seemed to have been hit on his chin, held his right leg and withstood the pain, hopping on one foot.
Without a moment’s delay, Leshya’s heartless low kick hit his left leg.
Then kicked his pivot leg, a ruthless low kick with which he fell.
A low kick with which he couldn’t move around or lie on his back. Another low kick. And another low kick.
– W-waiiiiiiiiit! They’re sinking! Your toes are sinking into my stomaaaaaaaach!
Low kick. Low kick. Low kick.
– I give uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuup! It’s my defeeeeeeeeeeeeeeat.
Maeda surrendered as he tapped the floor and the rain of torturing low kicks finally ceased.
Leshya wasn’t even sweating, like she didn’t embrace the feeling of winning.
She very calmly looked down at Maeda who still writhed in pain.
– Y-you demon! This girl is the child of a demon!
– How can you send a kick into a cute little rabbit… ♥.
The president and the Senpai girl trembled, hugging each other.
It wasn’t a question per se, but Leshya replied unconcernedly.
– I didn’t think it was cute. Rather, I thought it looked tasty.
□□… Huh?□□
The president and the others were flabbergasted.
Moroha was honestly surprised too.
– When I was very young, I was raised in a children’s home. However, it was a poor home. Russia at that time was also in the midst of an economic chaos. Both the director and the children were forced to live on the fringe of subsistence. For us, the rabbits that the older children could catch in the forest sometimes were unique feasts. I felt that if a giant rabbit like this one now actually existed, I surely would have eaten it.

Leshya talked in a rather plain tone without mixed with any emotion or sentiment.
That, accompanied with a reality that heavy, made the president and the others panic.
– D-don't go hunting me….
– This girl is actually a predatory woman…. ♥
That made them tremble even more violently.
Leshya wasn't particularly threatened, but a quiet ghastliness filled her body.
– I-Is this what they call cultural gap…? Hahaha.
Even Moroha joined them to the point he made a sound with his throat.

Anyhow, Leshya won and the fainting-in-agony Maeda was carried outside the martial arts stadium for a moment by the president and the girl then returned, feeling well with the effect of the special barrier.
Then,
– Onee-san won't go like Maeda-chan ♥.
The next opponent, the coquettish Onee-san—Kitsukawa would confront Leshya.
Moroha couldn't help but involuntarily watch Kitsukawa again as he surrounded them at a distance.
Erotic.
First of all, the plump bust that wobbled with the slightest movement was erotic.
The round butt that seemed to bulge out of the miniskirt was also erotic.
The protruding and voluptuous thighs were so erotic that mosaic was needed.
The dark skin that seemed to be from the southern lands was, once again, erotic. The sun-tanned skin was far from a slightly dirty feeling; it was glossy as if being oiled. It was glistening.
On top of that, she remodeled her uniform. The chest was open to the extent her brassiere could be glimpsed, the length was boldly shortened, so the sexy navel was completely visible. Akane Academy girl's uniform was a dress type, so given that she did this resolutely, she wore her own extreme miniskirt below.
– Ufufu, Onee-san has researched a battle skill that attacks the enemy's heart ♥. It's easy for any strong castle to fall if the gates are open, and I can easily defeat even the strongest□Savior□if I make them lose focus ♥.
Prana rose up swaying like a heat haze from Kitsukawa's whole body.
A rich pink-colored *prana*.
Moreover, and suddenly, a strong sweet smell similar to mature fruit hung over.
As soon as Moroha smelled it, his head became dizzy and covered his nose with his hand at once.
The president and Maeda had escaped far away in the distance already.

– Is this…【Mars】?
– Correct answer, Moroha-chan ♥.
Kitsukawa winked in a sexy way.
【Mars】was an ultra-high-class Light Technique that transformed one's *prana* into the source of one's soul.
Not only it was difficult, it was a performance that depended on the nature of the soul itself of the person in question, so *Shiroganes* who couldn't use it couldn't master it no matter how hard they practiced.
This unknown and enticing scent was the personification of Kitsukawa's soul shape.
The eyes of Leshya that looked at Kitsukawa became more and more grim.
And bared her wariness at the last moment.
– Ufufu, as expected ♥. So you understand how scary Onee-san is?
Kitsukawa threw a kiss to Leshya.
**smack*, h*er very thick and erotic lips sounded.
– Ufufufufufu ♥.
With a fascinating smile, she bent forward while flirting, further emphasizing the cleavage visible from the open collar and winked seductively.
The aroma effect of the enticing smell was erotic enough to make one be bewitched.
Moreover, Kitsukawa's foolery went on and on. Like a stripper, she bewitchingly twisted her body, slowly put her hand on her chest as if putting on airs, took off her brassiere while still wearing her uniform and threw it to place it on Leshya's head.
It wasn't a tempting thing. It was too erotic. A walking R rating. Despite this being a school. Moroha could no longer look her in the eyes and turned his face away to a different direction.
And the battle was done without Moroha seeing it.
Leshya, who bared her wariness and carefully measured the opponent's approach, said.
– I'm not good at reading the subtleties of people's emotions. However, since I clearly see your seductive act and yes, the clearly troubled face shown by Haimura Moroha, then I clearly find it not funny!
The air violently moved outside Moroha's visual field.
Maybe Leshya charged and strongly cut off the atmosphere.
– Gyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah.
Kitsukawa shouted immediately.
– H-how!? The Onee-san's temptation attack doesn't weaken you!?
– I'm a woman too.
– N-now that you mention it, I have only studied this skill against the president and Maeda-chan ♥.
– You're telling me something that is sheer stupidity: using a skill that lacks practice in combat.

– Gyaaaaaaaa, this isn’t combat, is it? Stop poking me in the eyes, stooooooop.
The repulsive scream of Kitsukawa and the sound of disgusting blows resounded.
However, as all of this happened outside Moroha’s field of vision, he didn’t know well what was going on.
Yeah. Anyway, Leshya won and the fainting-in-agony Kitsukawa was carried outside the martial arts stadium for a short time then came back, feeling well with the effect of the special barrier.
Then,
– It seems it’s my turn, at last!
The last opponent—the president would face Leshya.
But, for some reason, Maeda and Kitsukawa stood to his left and right.
– Are you sure about this, president-san?
1VS1 fights were decided.
Moroha rebuked more or less politely.
However, the president shook his head in denial as if it were a misunderstanding,
– The battle arts that I’ve been studying is the combination of the three of us so it can’t be helped!
– These guys really don’t get it.
Moroha retorted but the president and the others took the offensive.
Shrugging their shoulders with an exaggerated gesture like an American, they shook their heads and upper bodies to the left and right and took a stance that said「I don’t know what you’re protesting about」.
He felt incredibly angry.
However, Leshya’s feelings were different.
In a calm state,
– I don’t care. It’s natural that a 1VSMany can occur on the battlefield.
She approved the shitty cowardly act of the president.
– In any case, if I abandon something I decided to participate in in the middle of it, then I won’t be able to show my face to the 5ch. users.
– You don’t need to face those guys.
– Why, Haimura Moroha? I promised to post today’s whole story tonight, so they’re going to wait while being excited, no?
– It’s alright to make that thread wait forever.
– Since those are your words, I can’t hear them. I hate ingratitude.
Leshya flatly cut down Moroha’s advice.
Oops, Moroha scratched his head.
– You done talking? I really got tired of waiting!
The PVP Research Club laughed boldly as if saying they wouldn’t lose in a 1VS3.
– You should have come at me at any time.
Leshya’s face seen from the side made the look in her eyes look grimmer and grimmer and sharpened her fighting spirit more and more.

– … N-no way.
Moroha compared both parties with the eye well, not worried about (what would happen to 5ch).
He took distance and decided to watch them attentively, surrounding them at a distance.
Was it a sign that Moroha left the place—?
– Let’s show her the real worth of our PVP Research Club!
– Understood ♥.
– Uooooooooooooooooo, I’m fired uuuuuuuuuuuuuup.
No sooner the three gathered quickly in the same place than they lined up from front-to-back.
Moreover, the vanguard was the giant Maeda.
From the perspective of Leshya in front of them, the figures of the president and Kitsukawa seemed to be completely hidden in her blind spot.
The PVP Research Club, now combined, and in that same battle formation, began an assault.
– We got our idea from a game—
– The three of us did intensive training every day ♥ We made it sublimate until it could be used in combat—
– Jeeeeet Streeeeeeeeam Attaaaaackkkkkk!
The screams of the three swirled and hit the high ceiling of the martial arts stadium.
Oh, look!
Perfectly coordinated movement and synchronization…?
Despite the three rushed madly ahead with all their might, no particle was shaken while perfectly aligned in a straight line. Even the shadows of the president and Kitsukawa didn’t stick out from the giant body of Maeda.
How much training did they accumulate every day to be able to achieve an admirable cooperation like this?
The PVP Research Club approached Leshya while maintaining a perfect battle formation and attacked, finally baring their fangs at her. Seeing that, the look in the eyes of Leshya increased its severity even more.
From the opponent’s point of view, this was a difficult thing to—
– What kind of joke is this?
– Ginyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa.
—It wasn’t, Leshya coolly kicked Maeda, the vanguard, flying out of the way.
The president, who was the second in the line, was also kicked flying out of the way.
Finally, the remaining Kitsukawa was impartially kicked flying.
□□□Uuuuuuu…□□□
The three Senpais writhed in pain while crouching on the floor.
What was this?
– I can’t understand the meaning of the formation just now.
It seemed that Leshya thought the same thing as Moroha.

– It’s as if you were saying□Please crush each one of us□.
Leshya looked down at the PVP Research Club with a gaze as if seeing garbage.
– If you want to make the most of your numbers, I think that fighting by encircling from three sides is more combat-like.
Leshya’s word-knives became sharper and sharper.
– Even if I were to say that I approve that formation, putting the *Kuroma* as the vanguard is nonsensical.
– Y-You see, our bodies can’t be hidden unless the muscular Maeda is the vanguard….
The president, whose pain seemed to have finally subsided, replied gaspingly.
Leshya, who heard so, turned her face to Moroha as if asking for help.
What was written there was: I’d like you to translate that explanation.
– There’s nothing else, the meaning is the same as what the Senpai said.
– I don’t get it…. Is this what they call cultural gap…?
Leshya groaned, looking serious.
Moroha had no choice but to smile wryly.
And,
– Umm… Senpais? Will you continue?
He asked as he scratched his head.
The three people shook their heads to the left and right all at once while still crouching.
– Do you still want to invite Leshya to the club? And spar like this every day?
The three people shook their heads to the left and right all at once while still crouching.
– Her level is too different from ours!
– I thought I would be killed… ♥.
– Like I thought, the bad reputation of Russia isn’t just for shooooooooooooow.
They appealed unanimously.
(Though the bad reputation of Russia isn’t the problem here…)
Moroha thought so but some things were better left unsaid.
Lashing on dead people wasn’t his hobby.
– Oh, that’s right. Let’s go back, Leshya.
When he asked her to go outside, for some reason, Leshya shook her head to the left and right.
– Hmm?
– I still don’t think I can join your club. However—
– Yes?
– —I want to respond to their seriousness and teach them what combat is like for the day.
The face of Leshya, who told so, hinted she wasn’t joking at all.
– If I abandon midway, I can’t show my face to 5ch. users.

It wasn’t that unfortunate.
□□□*Eeek*—□□□
The Senpais gasped.
Immediately after, and unbelievably standing up, writhing in pain,
□□□Kindergarteners don’t need university lectures!□□□
They disappeared like baby spiders scattering in all directions while screaming terrible words.
The cool breeze of autumn evening blew in from the entrance that was left open.
Moroha and Leshya were left behind, dumbfounded.
Umm, Moroha scratched his head,
– Oh, that’s right. Let’s go back, Leshya.
This time, she assented with an overly serious look.

They immediately left the martial arts stadium and walked shoulder-to-shoulder to the school gate.
Moroha gazed at the setting sun, feeling what was all that.
However, Leshya’s impression was different.
– I’m glad I had a match. They got a nice study.
– Really?
Seriously surprised, Moroha ended up letting out a voice in disarray.
When he fixedly stared at the face seen from the side of Leshya who walked next to him, she agreed with an overly serious look.
– Thanks to them, I was able to understand, though vaguely, what club activities were as I didn’t understand them much.
– Is that so…?
– To me, they looked like they have a good relationship.
– Yeah. That’s true.
What Leshya feels isn’t wrong, he nodded.
– Unfortunately, I didn’t feel like wanting to join their circle, but for me, their relationship seemed pleasant and I felt envious too.
– Yeah. I get you.
He threw in interjections many times to show he was paying attention.
– If I’m with people who have the same sense of purpose and the same thinking; I see, I could understand that I can be friends with people like them. In that case, this means I just have to find a club whose sense of purpose and mentality are the same as mine. I ended up searching at random today, but I finally could get an important clue.
Leshya talked in a stiff tone of voice.
However, her face seen from the side had a soft expression and atmosphere.
The part of the eyebrows closest to the nose that were tense instantly relaxed.
Thanks to the setting sun, it looked as if a deep red color was applied on her pure-white cheeks, they looked very lively.

And beautiful.
– Are you going to work hard starting tomorrow?
– I want you to see my fighting spirit.
– If there's something that Leshya can't do alone, or if there's a problem, don't hesitate to rely on me, understood?
Moroha stopped walking and said the same thing he said during the day.
– Thank you, Haimura Moroha.
Leshya stopped walking, closed her eyes ecstatically in the same way as during the day and put her head on Moroha's shoulder.
Her warm and pleasant weight leaning on him.
What was the thought of Leshya now?
Was she warmly thinking about Moroha?
Was she comfortably thinking of Moroha's support?
While thinking such things—
– Thanks to you, I made a family.
Leshya murmured while having the same ecstatic face.
Then opened her eyes wide open,
– But I want to make friends by myself. I want to give it a try.
She said something trustworthy.
Moroha embraced Leshya's head and caressed her.
She remained like that, it seemed that it felt good.
The feeling of parting to their dormitories suddenly welled up—
In the end, they were like that until the setting sun was completely set.

The next morning.
When Moroha went to school, Leshya was waiting in front of the shoe rack.
Moreover, she looked strange.
She continued sweating cold profusely and in state that said "I feel like running away".
– What is it?
– I can do nothing by myself, and problems ended up occurring.
– So fast.
Moroha was lost for words.
Leshya cast down her eyes, feeling even more desperate to run away.
– I'm depressed. I should die.
– I told you already, don't worry about it so don't die. May I hear an explanation of what ha—it's unnecessary.
Moroha turned his eyes behind Leshya while freezing.
More than 10 Senpais were lined up there.
– We've already heard that the PVP Research Club proceeded to scout you.

– Those guys secretly acting before others is sly!
– Our club certainly wants your strength!
– Please give us a chance! Let’s have a match!
– And certainly with us, the *Shirogane* Baseball Club!
– Nope, with us, the Assassination Home Economics Club!
– No, with us, the Most Sinister Maid Club!
The Senpais unanimously appealed to their own conveniences.

– What happened to the club activities of this school!?

Moroha retorted without enduring it and Leshya placed a dark shadow on her shoulders.
When will the day come when she can make friends on her own…!?

Moroha, who made sure that the Queen Coffee Shop had taken the first step of rehabilitation to be a respectable coffee shop, headed to the auditorium with Maya. It was about time for the performance.
– I also want to hear from Leshya-onee-san desu.
– Again, huh—
On the way, they talked about that.
– Leshya is an expert in PVP. I think Maya knows that though.
– If anything, is she poor at fighting against Metaphysicals nanodesu?
– There are a few reasons for that.
First, the *prana* she was born with wasn’t strong.
Therefore, and excluding the cursed sword, Leshya’s pure ability was about C-Rank.
Because Metaphysicals moved by *satana*, the cursed sword Leprazan, which absorbed *mana* and *prana*, was useless.
To say nothing of poorly turning the switch on, if she did so, her allies wouldn’t be able to use Ancestral Arts and the situation would get terrible.
And in case the switch were turned off, the blade of the cursed sword would absorb *prana*. Therefore, the 5-Planet Techniques such as Venus and Jupiter couldn’t be used through that cursed sword. Leshya had no choice but to fight using a knife or something.

– I see nanodesu. But being invincible in PVP is reassuring desu.
Maya praised her from the bottom of her heart.
As if the matter in question was important.
Despite Moroha feeling dubious,
– Oh well. A guy with enough *prana* and *mana* that can't be absorbed by the cursed sword. A guy who can defeat Leshya with plain martial arts. I don't know how many of them are in this world, but with the exception of them, Leshya is unbelievably strong. I can't imagine her losing.
– I can't find anyone beside Moroha within the Japanese Division desu.
Maya-san smiled friendly.
Moroha felt even more dubious of what made her so happy,
– By the way, if anything, Maya is a *Kuroma* that is useful in PVP nanodesu.
Maya made a mysterious appeal while smiling.
– I know.
Moroha scratched his head, still holding onto that feeling that didn't make sense.
Whatever happened in Maya's Barrier Dark Art「Field of Dreams」was reset when they went outside the barrier or when the duration of the barrier expired.
Its uselessness in fights against「Metaphysicals」like when *Fortress* appeared at the summer camp was evidenced by captain Isurugi, saying「A lot of research has been done, but it's no good」.
Conversely, when it came to human opponents, being able to fight with all their power and without reservation in a situation like「I don't want to take your life, I just want to leave you a bit unconscious, but controlling myself is hard…」, it was possible to call it "a more than great advantage". This was especially appreciated for people like Moroha whose firepower was so strong it ended up damaging his surroundings.
– If you know that, then it's fine desu. I want to be depended on desu!
– Hmm…
– **Shock**. Are you saying Maya is undependable desu!?
– No… in the first place, I want this to be the last time I fight with something other than「Metaphysicals」.
Moroha became dejected, remembering the battles against Zhixin and Charles the other day.
Maya finally asked while she was in a good mood.
– What do you think of Leshya-onee-san as a girl desu?
Moroha, who already got used to this startling question, answered right away.
– She's a girl I can't… leave alone.
– I'm also jealous of that answer nanodesu.
Maya took notes while her cheeks relaxed unlike her mouth.
And with a sidelong glance,
– By the way, if I'm asked what I think of Maya as a girl, how should I answer?

Maya immediately stiffened and her heart throbbed.
Oh? When thinking so, he peeked at her face and the cheeks of the girl were quickly dyeing in a light pink color.
As Maya bashfully and quickly moved her pen on the memo,
– That’s… I would like that to be locked in Moroha’s chest desu…
She said in a voice that seemed to vanish.
It was very rare to see the shy moments of this□angel and sometimes an imp□-chan, so he patted her head gently and slowly while feeling pleasantly.
Maya was certainly a very special girl for Moroha.
Yes.
When he thought about it, it had been 6 months since this girl became his roommate, but he didn’t feel the length of those months and days.
Because he got on well with Maya from the beginning and they were able to open their hearts quickly—

Chapter 4: A dormitory life with Angel-chan

Moroha was dozing off on the fluffy bed.
– Moroha, wake up desu.
Even when a cute voice called him, he turned over in his sleep with an *umm*.
– Moroha, it's already noon desu.
Even when a weak strength shook his body,
– A bit more….
He only said back in a sleepy voice.
– I'm hungry desu. Let's go out to eat together desu.
Even when something light like a stuffed toy was put on his abdomen, he still didn't open his eyes.
– Moroha is a late riser desu. But… I'm sure you're tired desu.
So, even though he could hear a voice from a distance so close that even a sigh could be perceived, his head was still in the clouds.
– Fufu. Moroha's sleeping face is so cute desu.
A marvelous feeling touched and lay down on Moroha's cheeks.
It was soft, warm and wet similar to mucosa.
– **Lick* *Lick** nanodesu. If you don't wake up, I will continue pranking you, you know desu?
That touched his cheeks many times, going up and down.
Moroha was tickled, but it felt so good he entrusted himself to it.
– I warned you desu, **kiss**.
This time, a soft feeling was tightly pushed against his lips.
And kissed him.
– **Kiss*. *Lick* *Lick*. *Kiss*.*
Immediately after, a warm, wet and mucosa-like feeling broke into his mouth, playing with Moroha's tongue.
Moreover, even his tongue was sucked.
It felt good. Combined with the slumber, it was like being in dreamland.
Moroha quarreled with the tongue in his dream and sucked back.
In the middle of the ecstasy, his consciousness fell asleep again.

And 30 minutes later.
– Fuaaaaaaaaaaaaa.
Moroha woke up as he let out a big yawn.
He raised his body and stretched in the bed of his dorm room.
Today was a day off, he ended up sleeping more than usual.
– Good morning Moroha desu.
He turned his sleepy eyes towards the cute voice that greeted him.
Maya was watching TV while behaving her manners.
Her angelic, golden, smooth and dry hair and her blue eyes that resembled the open sky were very impressive.
The only woman who was in the women-forbidden, perfect-single-room men's dormitory of Akane Academy—
She was granted an exception as Moroha's roommate.
– Good morning, Maya.
Moroha greeted back while rubbing his sleepy eyes.
– Good morning nanodesu.
Maya sincerely greeted back once again while smiling cheerfully.
What a good angel-chan she is!
– You slept well desu. Did you have a good dream?
– Yes. I dreamed I kissed an angel.
Moroha nodded as he yawned.
– Waa, that's a wonderful dream nanodesu!
Maya clapped in high spirits.
Her smiling face was so big that Moroha concluded of his own accord that girls of her age surely loved fantastic stories like that.
– Maya would like to have a cool boyfriend someday and give him a lovely kiss desu (happy face).
Maya said a precocious thing like that with an angelic smile.
That push to the limit was charmingly cute.
– You're still 10 years old. It's too early for that, isn't it?
– Yes nanodesu. Maya dreams of becoming an adult so I will wait until then desu.
– Maya is a well-behaved child, isn't she?
Moroha slipped out of the bed and went to wash his face.
He stood in front of the mirror of the washbasin and noticed.
The area around his mouth and cheeks were sticky and wet.
As if his cheeks were licked all over by someone or kissed intensely as if craving for each other.
Who on earth would do something like—
Faster than Moroha suspected,
– You sweated a lot while sleeping desu. Wash yourself well desu.
He heard Maya's voice from behind.
Is that so? Night sweats?
– ……
He felt like he had a good dream, but was it actually a nightmare?

Moroha inclined his neck and washed his face well as he was told.

The dorm’s cafeteria was wide. More than 100 people could eat at once. Despite today being a day off and that people were here and there, around 30 people were there.
Anyway, the hustle and bustle was terrible.
Since they were men, they didn’t hold back, rather, poor manners had reached their limit, they gathered with their close groups without being able to eat motionlessly. The scene of a meal while making a fuss and fooling around.
Moroha was once told by a Senpai「This atmosphere resembles an izakaya, no?」but he had never been there so he couldn’t actually feel it.*
***TN: Izakaya are Japanese bars that also serve various dishes and snacks.**
The hustle and bustle to that degree was──
As soon as Moroha and Maya entered the cafeteria with their hands joined, that suddenly stopped.
The vast space fell completely silent. An eerie silence governed.
Everyone looked back at Moroha, piercing him with spear-like sharp gazes.
Whispers occurred here and there like hubbubs.

– Well well, it’s the entrance of Haimura-san who started a life of forbidden cohabitation.
– You have the nerve to flirt day after day. And show it off.
– This guy loves the adolescence he’s indulged in, huh.
– Here’s the lolicon.

He was showered with those critiques.
And skewered by their merciless gazes.
As was expected, Moroha,
– Yeah, I’m hungry too.
– You skipped breakfast, so it’s natural nanodesu.
He peacefully chatted with Maya.
– Because Moroha overslept, Maya is also very hungry nanodesu.
– I’m sorry, I’m sorry. I had a tiring week.
They went to pick up trays lined up in the kitchen with their hands still linked.
They didn’t care even if ill will hit them.
Far from being calm, they showed off a harmonious attitude,
– Read the situation a bit, Haimuraaaa!

A man retorted in an angry voice.
Moroha and Maya grimaced and turned while covering their ears with their free hands.
The one who squared his shoulders and drew near with heavy steps was Kamekichi.
He was a cheerful and popular Senpai in the men's dorm.
For some reason, he often turned on Moroha, but it wasn't like he hated him.
His face with no impact and his demeanor with no style were his features.
Even now, he opened his eyes wide, lifted one of his cheeks and glared at him as if peering in from below, but his facial expression was「funny」rather than「scary」.
– Good afternoon, Kammie-senpai.
Moroha greeted him amicably with a smile.
– Are you a bit scared?!
Kamekichi shouted seemingly upset, but how could he be scared with that「funny」face of his?
– Hey, Haimura. You're *gettin'* cocky with *dat* first-year status *ya* have, aren't *ya*? Aren't *ya*?
Furthermore, Kamekichi used (unnatural) delinquent slang and tried to make them be afraid of him by going around Maya's and Moroha's surrounding coercively (was he going to do it?), but not even Maya felt nervous (as if she weren't used to it).
– Eh? I got cocky?
Moroha asked, without acting timid,
– Be aware of it, you fool!
Kamekichi pointed to Moroha's and Maya's hands still joined.
– The unenlightened Haimura-kunnnnn seems to not care! We're holy sacred men! And she's a girl! This is a dorm. Girls are "no, thank you".
– But the one who decided that Maya would live in the dorm is the principal, no?
– Iiiiiiiit's not l-l-l-l-like I'm saying she can't live here, am I!?
Oh, this person had no influence.
– But you said "no, thank you" to me desu.
Maya hung her head and sobbed.
– T-that's… a lie! I said「welcome」in French! N-nou sankyuu」?
Kamekichi, whose plan was to say it in French, said so with a crooked and stinking manner of speaking.
– But welcome in French is「Bienvenue」nanodesu.
– This girl IS THAT SMAAAAAAAAART!?
But as soon as Maya pointed that out while sobbing, he was so taken aback that he bridged.
Unconsciously, Moroha was about to burst into laughter.
Kamekichi moved his hands and feet while bridging, rotated with a gross movement like a bug and turned his face to them,

– It seems that the misunderstanding has finally been sol—
– No, it wasn't a misunderstanding, Kammie-senpai just failed and tried to gloss it over, no?
– It seems the misunderstanding has been finally solved, so let me say this again! I said "as it's inevitable for this child to live in the dorm, don't go flirting with her carelessly", Haimuraa.
Kamekichi shouted, making his face take a complete turn, becoming tense.
Besides—the dorm students behind him nodded with a groan all at once.
The 30 or so agreed.
Heavy.
After Moroha scratched his head in silence for a while,
– Eh? When did I flirt with who?
He replied in a relaxed manner and without a care.
– You're showing off how you're lovey-dovey with that child every dayyyyyyyy. I can feel it from the air around youuuuuuuuuuuu.
– Well, what I've properly felt is that I've been shunned by everyone this week?
Moroha vexed and shrugged his shoulders.
The man who was denounced to be unable to read the situation was going beyond rudeness.
– If so, reflect on that!
Approximately 30 people agreed all at once with Kamekichi's shout.
– You see, you have no reason to blame me for anything nor should I reflect on anything…
Moroha nonchalantly warded off the criticizing will swirling with deep-seated grudge.
– This problematic guy is worse than a guy who can't read the situation!?
Kamekichi shouted, looking at the unbending person.
– You! How do you even say that!? You live with a girl with a student status, walk in front of everyone with your hands joined and act like eating yakiniku in front of me and the rest who are hungry!? How's that not a reason to be criticized fooooooor!?
Kamekichi moved noisily and bent his full belly.
And made an original angry gesture.
Yes, jeering flew from the boys behind him.
After Moroha scratched his head in silence for a moment,
– But Maya is still a child, no?
He smiled and turned to Maya. And said "isn't that right?", matching their voices.
– You're too careless! You're going to claim you're innocent to the end!?
– Yes, of course. Maya, say something please.
– Moroha and Maya are wholesome roommates nanodesu.
Moroha and Maya looked at each other again and said "isn't that right?", matching their voices.

– Now you're flirting with that□isn't that right?□, I'm so jealoooous, you lolicooon!
– You're jealous? Then isn't Senpai the lolicon here?
When Moroha retorted very calmly,
– It's a figure of speech, goddammiiiiiiiiiit!
Kamekichi shed tears of blood.
Well, he saw his Senpai running while shouting□Boobs! Boobs!□in a strange voice before, so this time really seemed to be a figure of speech. He probably wasn't a lolicon.
– You're suspicious! You're more suspicious than the politicians who say□I'll never raise consumption tax!□! It's true that your rooms are the same, but maybe you wake up kissing and licking each other every morning, so confess!
– Maya, I said you're a child, no? And you wouldn't do that. Would you?
Moroha smiled at Maya, looking for approval.
– …… Would I?
Maya also responded with an angelic and pure smile.
Moroha decided to not think about the strange pause before the□Would I?□ was said.
He turned to Kamekichi and,
– Leaving that aside, I'm hungry, so can I go already?
– What's with that troubled and disgusted nature!?
– I'm really annoyed. If you have a complaint, please send a written protest afterwards. I'll read dozens of them.
– Suure, don't regret it, okay!? I'll really write them, okay!?
Kamekichi walked out of the cafeteria with bug-like movements and in high and proud spirits while bridging.
It finally became quiet.
The boys who came together and criticized him returned to their meals as if becoming subdued.
Moroha took Maya with him to put the lunch on the trays they got from the middle-aged man in charge of the meals.
Today's lunch was pork fried with ginger. Sardine hamburger. Slow-boiled egg soaked in sweet and salty dashi. Rice with grated yam and miso soup with eggplant. And tomato salad──that was all the menu.
Everything looked delicious, their stomachs sounded just by looking at them. The dorm's catering was very substantial every day. This provided enough nutrition and a modest reward to the□Saviors□who trained hard every day.
The portion of the very young Maya was reduced by the considerate uncle.
They carried the trays to empty seats, sat next to each other,
□□Thank you for the meal□□
And put their hands together faithfully.
Given that they ate together every day, Maya came to imitate Moroha. She was an honest and cute child.

Moroha immediately went for the hamburger.
The unique flavor and bittersweet of the sardines coupled with the sweet teriyaki sauce created a complex taste. If a regular hamburger was the standard for children, then this was certainly a hamburger for adults. The small bones were carefully disposed, this allowed him to guess the work of the uncle who cooked it. A gem that overflowed with tenderness.
He filled his mouth heartily—and Maya, who was fixedly watching that,
– Maya doesn't like sardines nanodesu…
She grumbled dispiritedly.
She was so dispirited that he spontaneously wanted to hug her close.
– Being picky about the food that is served is no good, you know?
However, Moroha said, hardening his heart.
– It's a waste if I leave it there desu?
– Yes, it is a waste. I can't allow that.
Maya nodded small while being dispirited.
She readied herself, grabbed the fork and tried to pierce the hamburger but hesitated, then readied herself again and immediately hesitated… she repeated that charming thing over and over. She raised her face that seemed to be about to burst into tears,
– If Moroha feeds me, then Maya can summon courage desu.
– Maya sure is a helpless pampered child, huh.
Despite smiling wryly, Moroha thought he wanted to respond to that little courage.
He cut Maya's hamburger into bite-sized pieces and stabbed them with a fork.
– Here, say *aaa*.
– *Aaa* nanodesu.
When Moroha prompted her, Maya closed her eyes tightly, obediently opened her mouth while trembling and waited.
He carried the hamburger there. Maya ate it, biting into it. She chewed it nervously.
– … ! It's delicious desu!
– Haha, you just disliked it without eating it.
– So this is the taste of adults nanodesu! It's delicious nanodesu!
– To understand that, Maya has to be an adult then.
Moroha cut a second piece and carried it to her mouth while smiling.
– *Aaa* nanodesu.
Making Maya wait with her mouth open, looking happy was so adorable.
When she ate so,
– To return the favor nanodesu (happy face).
Maya also cut the hamburger into a bite-sized piece and carried into Moroha's mouth.
– Haha, *aaa*.
Moroha was fed with pleasure.
– Stop with the□aaa□, you gobyyyyyyy—

Oh my, what a killer intent!
Kamekichi's drop kick suddenly flew towards there.
Moroha lightly moved his chair back and dodged it.
– ―Yyyyyyyyyy!
Kamekichi came flying with so much momentum that he crashed while knocking down many empty chairs.
Megi!* *Mogya!* *Bogyan!
Many painful sounds were produced.
Moroha and Maya ducked their heads reflexively.
– Just when I thought if you would come back… what are you doing so suddenly, Kammie-senpai?
– This…is heaven's… punishment… to the… sickeningly sweet and… soppy couple.
– Oh, heaven's punishment. I see.
Moroha agreed, seeing Kamekichi who was writhing in pain, squashed by the chairs he dragged.
This was certainly karma.
– Damn you, you were that much careful and yet, you're incorrigible! Flirting and eating food are a no-no, you know?
Only Kamekichi's voice regained power, but he stood up while staggering by the damage.
– I normally feed her so it's just that?
– It's not just that! No means no! That action cannot be just that.
– Geez, Kammie-senpai is exaggerating, a single time is enough for you to tell what happens all the time.
– You should remember first that we're humans who have never been able to say aaa and delicious with a girl!
The boys behind Kamekichi nodded with depression and bit their lips so much that blood came out all at once.
– That's not my intention at all…
– I'm saying that those who aren't aware of it are really problematic, okay!? When will the day come when I can show off how I'm being fed in something that resembles a date? I can't withstand you. I'm all raging now.
Kamekichi became serious and got angry.
Moroha thought that false accusations had a limit.
– This doesn't look like a date, does it?
He faced Maya with a smile on his face.
– …… Does it?
Maya replied with an angelic smile.
There was a brief pause before the Does it? again, but Moroha decided to not care about it.
He thought if Kamekichi would agree to this,
– I can't forgive you anymore! Prepare yourself, Haimuraaa!
– I told you already to write a written protest, right?
– I already wrote them!

Kamekichi threw a bunch of report sheets on the table.
– You really wrote them… wow, they're closely packed like this…
Moroha, who wondered that just now, was actually impressed.
What was this waste of ability?
– However! You, who continues revolting the public morals of the men's dorm, cannot be forgiven at this point. You'll be punished.
Then again, Kamekichi, who carried the hatred of the boys on his back, thrust his finger at him. With an original posture that thrust the middle finger and not the index finger at him.
– But I'm against being punished for something I have no knowledge of?
Moroha answered while eating the race with grated yam nonchalantly.
Kamekichi, without lending an ear to him,
– I'll have you weed the rear garden on a day off!
– But the uncle in charge of cleaning does that though?
– You'll do that as punishment! We can repay the favor to the uncle that we're normally indebted to as well, so we'll kill two birds with one stone!
– Oh, I see. I understand. If that's the case, I'll do it.
He was grateful to the middle-aged men who made the dormitory shine.
Anyway, he had no plans for the day and he had free time.
– *Hihahahaa*! You may have something admirable in you for being punished obediently.
Kamekichi misunderstood something, but Moroha didn't correct him because it was troublesome.
– Then, eat fast.
– *Aaa* nanodesu.
– Here, *aaa*.
– If you flirt, then being punished won't have any meaniiiiiiing!
– You've been noisy for quite a while, Kammie-senpai. The food will get bad, no? Isn't that a waste?
– Because we're annoyed by you two every day, our meals were ruined a long time ago!
Kamekichi expressed the emotion of anger with an enthusiastic breakdance.
Annoyed, Moroha and Maya moved their trays and all somewhere else, walked speedily and finished their lunch.

The rear garden of the dorm was large.
This year was an unusually dry rainy season, so while it didn't mean that the weed had grown to its heart content, it was quite the heavy labor to go and pluck all of it.
The sun shone scorchingly today, and tortured him mercilessly.

A normal student would have gotten tired and given up.
However, the tough Moroha had it very easily, he continued plucking while humming a tune.
– Moroha, I want you to see desu. Maya has already plucked them like this desu.
Moreover, what a great child! Maya came with him and helped him.
The straw hat she borrowed and her angelic smile matched perfectly.
Her cuteness increased hundredfold.
– It's unfortunate, Maya-kun. I appreciate your efforts, but I've already plucked more.
– Unh. I'd like adults and children to have handicap desu.
– How much handicapped should I be?
– How about wrapping dumbbells around Moroha's limbs?
– I'm sorry, but it's my loss, so no handicap.
And—they forgot about the tiredness of work only because they had a friendly chat. Time and the like passed in the blink of an eye.
By about 3PM, it was noticeable that the plucking had clearly finished.
Moroha sat cross-legged on the ground, took a breath and,
– We did it well, huh. Even if we pester Kammie-senpai for one or two midday snacks, we won't be punished, will we?
He looked for Maya's consent.
However, the figure of the angel-chan with a straw hat had disappeared.
Oh? As soon as he wondered so—
– A surprise attack nanodesu! A water plan nanodesu! Zhuge Liang's stratagem nanodesu!
He was splashed with water from behind.
– This mischievous child.
He turned around his upper body only; Maya laughed innocently while holding a hose that gushed water out.
– This is a rare chance, so if we sprinkle us with some water, it will be refreshing for us desu.
Maya blocked half of the hose's mouth while saying so, increasing the force of the water.
And directly hit Moroha's face who looked back.
– Wait a minute. It's cold! I'm telling you, it's cold.
– It's an experiment to see if you really become a splendidly handsome and nice man nanodesu (happy face). *
***TN: Splendidly handsome comes from "dripping water", so basically, if he's dripping wet.**
– Ahahaha, there's no way that's true you dum-dum, hahaha.
– I won't know unless I give it a try desu. The wisdom of our ancestors are something not to be trifled with desu.
Maya, who continued pranking innocently, was so cute and her liveliness so charming that Moroha smiled despite being dripping wet.

It was strangely fun to just sprinkle and being sprinkled with water with a hose. It was pleasant from the bottom of his heart.
They played while laughing and giggling.
– Experiment successful, good man completed desu.
Maya, who stopped splashing, celebrated proudly.
Then the water gushing out from the mouth of the hose that faced upward was pulled by gravity and fell, dashing on Maya's head.
– Splendidly beautiful and nice woman completed.
Moroha laughed, holding his sides with laughter because she looked both cute and funny.
– We match nanodesu.
Maya also laughed embarrassed and showed an angelic smile.
– We match? But it's still unfair for me?
Moroha proved how much water was splashed on him by squeezing the T-shirt and,
– Give me the hose. It's revenge time!
He threw his T-shirt off, becoming naked above the waist and attacked Maya.
– Kyaa. I refuse nanodesu. I won't give you my weapon desu.
Maya escaped while shouting *kyaa kyaa* and holding the hose.
They ran in circles in that place, starting a chase scene as if they were frolicking about.
– Oh, you're surprisingly quiick.
– Help me nanodesuu. I'm being attacked by a bad person desuu.
– Stop, resistance is futiile. If you do so, I'll give you lots of loove.
– That's a lie nanodesuu. Maya will be eaten desuu.
– Hahaha, I wonder about thaat.
Moroha brought back a childlike innocence on his face and enjoyed himself.
Whether it was just chasing one another or child's play—
The smile and magic power of angel-chan who smiled with all that she had made Moroha happy from the bottom of his heart.
– Hahaha, wait waait.
– Shut up, you rascaaaaaaaaaaaaal.
Oh my, what a killing intent!
Kamekichi brandished a nail bat, tearing the enjoyable and relaxed mood to pieces.
Moroha brought his face back to a serious one for a moment and dodged it lightly.
While he was at it, he put a foot in front him and made Kamekichi trip who came too fast.
– Angyaaaaaaaaaaa.
Kamekichi, who fell, pitching forward, crashed on top of his nail bat from the head.
Gujyaa.

A heartbreaking sound was heard and Moroha and Maya averted their gazes from the tragic scene.
– How dare you do that, Haimuraaa!?
– That’s my line. Why are you suddenly attacking me with a nail bat? Why are you holding something like that in the first place?
– It’s okay to use it when the end of the century comes!
– Are you stupid? Also, are you a man from the age of□rascals□?
– Damn you, how dare you speak to and face a Senpai when you’ve been silent for a while now!?
– If a nail bat is suddenly swung at me, then my words will become sharp, you know?
Moroha protested snappishly and Maya, who was next to him, nodded with an *mm-hmm*.
– Everything is your fault, Haimura!
– In the end, you’re taking the offensive, huh…
– No, you’re in the wrong! When I come to check if you’re doing it properly, you had the nerve to be doing stupid things. The punishment isn’t a punishment. Why are you trying to flirt when there’s a chance? Eh? If you don’t flirt with her, you’ll die? If you don’t flirt with her day and night, your breathing will stop?
– I’m telling you that I’m not flirting with her. We’re just chasing one another.
– There’s so many people in the world and yet I haven’t been able to chase a beautiful girl! Be a bit considerate of the feelings of those who haven’t.
– I don’t get at all what you’re talking about.
– Jesus… can a monster like this be forgiven…?
Kamekichi unconsciously staggered with a face that said “I can’t believe it”.
– Because you don’t have a guilty consciousness, you escalate more and more! You’re racing to commit a crime you’re unaware of with all your strength!
– What on earth is this scandalous story about…?
When and what escalate?
– Record your recent chase (LOL) and see for yourself! No matter how you look at it, it’s a crime to be half-naked and chase around a little girl! And remember the numerous guilty words you blurted out. Take responsibility for the crime of stating you’ll eat the little girl.
– I didn’t say that. I’m just playing with Maya, why do I have to be treated like I committed a crime?
– Seriously? Can you swear that you don’t have any feelings of guilty? This situation in which you’re half-naked, chasing around a little girl is immorally exciting, am I wrong? In reality, your heart is pounding, am I wrong?
– What kind of pervert do you think I am…?
After Moroha became dejected,
– My heart isn’t racing, is it?
He faced Maya with a smile.

– …… Is it?
Maya replied with an angelic smile again.
Why there was a mysterious pause before this girl said「Is it?」. Moroha decided to not think too much about it.
– See? Maya also says the same.
– At any rate, you made her do what you told her to do!
– What the hell is that prejudice…
– This is your habitual behaaaaavior, you womaniiizer. I'm jealous that you're messing around with woman after woman at school! Get stabbed by a woman fast and die! And fall on the way leading to a scene of carnage.
– Apart from that false accusation, Kammie-senpai is honest, huh.
Since it was Moroha, he couldn't make embarrassing and jealous calls one after another.
– On top of that, because you weren't satisfied, even that little girl got corrupted, you know〜〜? You're now a couple, no〜〜? And rapidly confessed!
– You're awful, what kind of criminal am I inside Kammie-senpai?
– A Tanuma Okitsugu-class!
– Maya thinks that Okitsugu「villain」theory is very old desu. I'd like you to read「Upside-Down History of Japan」and apologize to Okitsugu desu.
– This child IS THAT SMAAAAART!?
Kammie-senpai, who pretended to be intelligent and used his own denomination, turned his face bright red after Maya pointed that out with a deep knowledge.
He glanced at Moroha to gloss it over,
– You have no choice but to keep plucking!
He attacked him, thrusting his middle finger at him.
– This isn't enough. My thirst can't be quenched. Keep plucking more and more and more weed! You should keep working with the face of a slave that is making a pyramiiiiid!
– What kind of face is that?
– This faaaaaaaaace.
Kamekichi showed a comical face as if he had suddenly grown 40, 50 years older: he drooled from his partly opened mouth, his eye sockets caved in, his eyes were opened wide and wrinkles called fatigue were carved all over his face.
Moroha and Maya were about to laugh spontaneously, but resisted.
Then at that moment—
– Fa… fa… fa…
Maya, who endured the laughter, suddenly felt her nose getting itchy and endured the sneezing. But,
– **Sneeze*.*
Without being able to endure it, she sneezed cutely.
A cool breeze, like the preliminary announcement of evening, ran through.
– Your body, cooled off?
– I think so nanodesu.

She wasn’t as drenched as Moroha, but he was worried about Maya who threw water over her head.
– That’s pretty bad! Go and take a bath right away. Nobody should be there at this hour, so it’s fine if angel-chan gets in, right?
Kammie-senpai, who got noisy while plucking and plucking, recommended with a serious look on his face.
He couldn’t hate that part of his.
– Then, I accept your offer.
– I accept too nanodesu.
Moroha and Maya slightly bowed to their Senpai and turned to the right.
– Wait, Haimuraa!?
Kamekichi grabbed Moroha’s shoulder.
– What?
– Don’t “what” at me──don’t tell me you’re going to take a bath with her!?
– That’s right.
– Turn yourself in! Stop saying bad things and go to the nearest police station right now. Okay?
– It’s nothing but taking a bath with Maya, so don’t scold me over a small thing like that.
– If that’s not a crime, then I, who borrowed a DVD from a Senpai who graduated and never returned it, didn’t commit a crime────!
– You see, borrowing something without returning it is clearly a crime.
– It was unintentional, a sudden impulse!
Moroha retorted calmly and Kamekichi fell down where he was and cried aloud.
– Please mail it as soon as possible. Then, we’ll be going.
– This and that are different!
Moroha got his leg grabbed by Kamekichi who was still down on his knees. He was so fed up he didn’t know what to do. Maya said as if admonishing an unreasonable child.
– But but Maya takes a bath every day with him desu? Isn’t it too late to criticize now desu?
– Such shameful act, even if heavens allow it, I won’t allow it!
– But but the dormitory leader gave us permission desu?
– !?
The hand of the authority-weakened Kamekichi that grabbed Moroha immediately became less tense.
– So that’s how it is.
Without a moment’s delay, Moroha pulled his foot and hurriedly escaped. Maya also hurriedly escaped, matching his movement. Then they heard from behind.
– Tch──
The refreshing distant howl of Kamekichi who looked up at the azure sky as if he were the main protagonist of a tragic play while still on his knees.
– Goddammiiiiiiiit, why is it Haimura every tiiiiiiiiiiiiime!?

In the dressing room of the large public bath, he took off his clothes back to back with Maya.
– I’m ready nanodesu.
When Moroha wrapped a towel around his waist and turned around, Maya had finished changing into her swimsuit.
A two-piece type with a cute design.
The top had a large ribbon at the knot and the bottom had frills. The volume of the swimsuit’s decoration gorgeously decorated the slender and age-appropriate body of Maya.
If it were a public bath, Maya would be old enough to enter the men’s bath completely naked, but as this was the men’s dorm, being like that was considered morally problematic as expected.
The dorm leader issued three conditions: □Wear a swimsuit□□Get in when it’s not being used as much as possible□□Moroha must accompany you and supervise you□
The two of them joined their hands and rushed to the bathroom.
– It’s like coming to a public bathhouse every day nanodesu! It’s luxurious!
Although it was a blunt bathhouse were the number of people and functions were prioritized, Maya was very excited. Moroha also loved this bath, so he sympathized with her somehow.
When the two of them happily sat down side-by-side on the bath chairs of the washing room,
– Let’s wash each other (happy face).
– Those who can’t do it themselves shouldn’t come to public places. I won’t bring you with me anymore.
Moroha controlled himself and argued for argument’s sake with an extremely serious face.
– Unh. Moroha is boring desu.
Maya began to make bubbles with the sponge she brought from the room while swelling her cheeks.
Seeing that, Moroha relaxed and washed his hair.
However—
– Eeei, nanodesu.
– Uhah.
He screamed as Maya suddenly rubbed his defenseless back with a sponge while rubbing shampoo on his head.
– Y-you’re mean, Maya!
– You showed your back on the battlefield, so it’s your fault desu.
– This is a bathhouse.
– Moroha’s back is wide desu. And cool desu. It’s worth rubbing it desu.

Without listening to his words, Maya continued scrubbing his back hard while giggling.
Finally, hot water was splashed from the head with all she had, washing the shampoo and soap off.
– Fufuh. Maya is so mischievous it doesn't match her face.
– I'd like you to say I'm a kind child desu.
Maya sat on the bath chair while saying so proudly and washed her face this time.
She rubbed shampoo, using her tiny hands and,
– Uryah.
– Hyaanh.
Moroha washed her from behind to take revenge.
With all his heart.
**Rub* *Rub* *Rub* *Rub* *Rub* *Rub* *Rub* *Rub* *Rub* *Rub* *Rub* . As if trying to polish her sparkling golden hair even more.*
Maya's hair was incredibly thin and flexible, the sensation of it dancing in his fingers felt so good he washed it in ecstasy.
– It, it hurts desu. I'd like you to do it more gently desu. Girls do it delicately desu. Ah, ah, but this, this feels good. Ah, ah, I might get accustomed to this nanodesu□.
– This? Is this good?
– Afuu□n ♥.
– Ah, idiot. Why are you letting out such a painful voice like that, you precocious child.
– I've been messed up desuu.
– Do I have to say it again? This bad child.
– Kyaaaa, nanodesuu.
In the end—they washed each other while having fun.
Then submerged till the shoulders in the large bathtub.
– Warm yourself well.
– Then let's count to 500 together desu.
– Isn't 500 too much? Something like 200 should be enough, no?

– Maya is a woman who always attack at the last moment desu.
– She’s a terrible angel-chan. A fallen angel-chan.
They counted the numbers leisurely while taking turns to say stupid things.
However, when they were about to count 300—
– I want you to hear something desu, Moroha.
Maya began to say as if she had a feverish dream and with a slightly blushing face.
– Now that Maya came to live with Moroha, her heart can’t stop racing nanodesu.
– Well, from the point of view of a little girl, this may be due to a series of serious things.
– My heart is pounding to the maximum nanodesu. To take a bath with a man… funyuu.
– Hahaha, think of it as a hot spring trip with your elder brother. I can be your dad if you like? It shocks me a little though.
– Is it because my head began to feel dizzy all of a sudden desu?
– That’s exactly what dizziness caused by prolonged hot bath is.
Moroha hurriedly stood up in the bathtub and carried Maya who fell and drowned as soon as she said so.
With great haste, but without shaking, he carried her to the dressing room, lay her down and put the built-in fan at full power.
– Somebody! Heey, is anyone there!?
He asked for help outside the large public bath, but there was no reply.
It was useless, he fell on his knees, wondering if he should go,
– Funyuu… I don’t want to be alone desuu.
Maya grabbed his leg.
He reluctantly sat down next to her. The only thing that Moroha could do now was to cool Maya’s temperature with the wind of the electric fan.
While being worried, Maya said, as if talking in delirium,
– It’s hot desuu. My chest is hot desuu. Help me nanodesuu.
– Eeh? What do I do?
– I’d like you to take off the upper part of my swimsuit desuu.
– Don’t say something unreasonable!
Moroha screamed.
– I’d like you to think you can help your wife remove her swimsuit desuu.
– I thought we’re pure friends!?
Moroha screamed again.
He considered Maya to be a child, but still, there were good and bad things.
And there was a limit.
It was a crime to take off her swimsuit even if an uproar wasn’t made by Kamekichi.
However,
– I’ll diie. My chest is so hot that I’ll die desuu. I didn’t live for too long desuu.

Maya was sought after death, he had no choice but to prepare himself….
He closed his eyes tightly to hold his temper.
To be sure as sure he could be, he turned away so much his neck hurt.
After that, he fearfully extended his hands to be able to take off Maya's swimsuit.
He groped for the top knot and tried to untie it.
The groping didn't work at all. He touched places he didn't need to.
He thought things like (Ah, even though she's 10 years old, they're swelling out like this already) and (Oh, they're soft…) but he kicked those bad things out of his head and managed to untie the knot.
While being troubled by the sound of rustling of clothes that seemed to be awfully graphic, he finally took off the upper part of the swimsuit by making sure to pull it out from the side.
– Haimuraaaaaaaa.
– The timing is too damn perfect, isn't it, Kammie-senpai?
Moroha shuddered at Kamekichi who trembled from fear, standing at the entrance of the dressing room.
At this rate, he would end up seeing Maya who had the upper part of her body exposed!
Maya wouldn't be able to become a bride anymore!
Moroha moved right away and hid Maya's tiny boobs from Kamekichi's eyes.
He covered her with his bare hands! What a criminal blunder, err, don't judge me, okay?
I just embraced her with all my strength, okay?
By doing so, the front of Maya was perfectly hidden by Moroha's body, Kamekichi could only see her back.
He could protect Maya's chastity!
However, the price was high….
Moroha sweated cold sweat to no end.
He faced Kamekichi, sweating like a frog stared at by a snake.
(As expected, this is no good… is it…?)
It was very upsetting to be called a criminal and denounced that they were flirting when they chased each other after he fed Maya, but embracing each other when both were naked above the waist was inexcusable.
If the positions were reversed—if the naked Kamekichi were found embracing a little girl—Moroha wouldn't hesitate to dial 110, the police emergency phone number.
– Jeeeeeeesus. What the hell…
Kamekichi slowly entered the dressing room.
What kind of anger driven him now? He sidled up to him with trembling steps.
Moroha made his brain go full operation to explain something at least, but nothing came into his mind.
Kamekichi approached faster than what his brain could come up with.

He fell to one of his knees right near him and made eye contact with him at an eye level.
He stared at him with a terrifyingly serious gaze.
He had never seen Kammie-senpai full of a drive like that.
He was a stupid and amusing Senpai but his true nature had some serious aspect. Seeing Moroha's decisive criminal act, his sense of justice might have boiled and fired up his righteous indignation.
– … Haimura.
Kamekichi opened his mouth and said his name with a threatening voice.
Moroha got tense, and made a sound with his throat.
He got ready to receive any accusation and held his breath.
– … No, Haimura-san.
– …… Yes?
Haimura-**san**?
In front of the dumbfounded Moroha,
– I give uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuup.
Kamekichi suddenly began to prostrate, placing knees, hands and forehead on the ground.
– It's my defeat, I lost to Haimura-san! So please, forgive all my rudeness up to this moment.
– Eh? When was this about winning or losing?
– You brought angel-chan! To the men's dorm's bath! You're hugging each other naked, you've deeply moved your Onii-san…. Since I've been shown this much, I have no choice but to accept Haimura-san's victory. You're amazing. The nizer in womanizer. The Nizer King.
– That's an absurd and ugly title…
– Nizer Kinggggg. Make me your diiiiisciple. Make me a maaaaan.
– No, I won't have disciples or anything like that.
– Don't be stingy, I want to be popular too. Please tell me how to get close to a woman, what kind of tricks I should use to seduce even a little girl, what evil god I should pray so that lucky lewd events happen every day, please tell meeeeee.
– I don't like heat so please don't cling to me.
Feeling really disgusted, Moroha thrust him away with all his strength.
– Please, give your testimony, Maya. It's not like I've been seducing Maya, right? This is just force majeure, it's not lucky lewdness or anything like that, is it?
He asked Maya who was in his chest for her consent.
– Right? I said right, right?
– Maya cannot reply because she is dizzy due to the hot bath desu.
– But your tone of voice sounds really calm.
– Haimura-san, for the love of God, please tell me, Haimura-sannn, I'll do anythiiiiiiing.
– Try to collect yourself, Senpai. Don't come this way.

Moroha was perplexed by Maya who seemed to be fine in the blinking of an eye and the uncomfortably-way-too-lively Kamekichi who hugged him.
In the end, the worst was—
No sooner footsteps could be heard than men who seemed to have come to take a bath appeared.
– Hey hey, what's this fuss?
– Geh…!
– Haimura is naked and hugging Maya-chan…
– Moreover, Kammie is hugging him too.
– What the, this seducer bastard not only finally seduced Maya-chan…
– No way… even men… **gulp**.
– Don't throw my reputation onto the ground more than what it is already.
Moroha was about to lose his mind and so he tried to grab his head but he couldn't because Maya and Kamekichi were clinging to him from the left and right.
– The men's dorm is fun and lively every day desu. I'm truly glad to live here desu.
– Maya… please give me half of your toughness…
– If I'm abandoned by Haimura-san, I feel like I won't be able to get married for the rest of my liiiiiiiiife.
– The misunderstanding will only get worse so be sileeeent.

After that—
Due to his hard work, the suspicion of Moroha's flirting with men could be cleared away in three days.
However, and for some reason, the suspicion of being a womanizer didn't clear away no matter how hard he tried.
– Kammie's Senpai acting was rough. It's usually that though.
– Only one person was at a different level desu. It's usually that though.
– He's a waste as a *Kuroma*. His Dark Arts aren't that good.
– He's an actor, so I think he can live as a pro nanodesu. The days of holding back everyone from success on the battlefield will be over desu.
And—
Moroha, and Maya, who were completely impressed by the play starring Kamekichi, walked while exchanging their thoughts.
They linked their hands and went down the corridor.
His break time was almost over. He had to go back to the home economics room. The atmosphere inside the school building had calmed, there were many presentations of cultural clubs and quiet theatrical pieces.
In the middle of that, Moroha took interest in a corner he found where a crowd of people was gathering.
He didn't have much time, so he only stopped and looked at it from a distance.
Because the short Maya jumped repeatedly, blocked by the crowed, he gave her a ride on his shoulders.

The one at the center of the crowd was—Momo-senpai aka Haruka.
She put a chair and a desk in the hallway and sat in it.
She put a chair opposite her and waited for a customer.
Come to think of it, Haruka had declared that in addition to the coffee shop ran by *Strikers*, it was absolutely necessary to carry out class performances.
Probably this was that performance.
Haruka seemed to wanting to disappear for some reason and shrunk her shoulders and back.
– Is this fortune-telling nanodesu?
Maya muttered. Moroha felt it was that for a moment, but it wasn't.
– Hora hora! There are no more challengers?
The one standing next to Haruka—a female Senpai—probably a classmate of hers, issued provocative words towards the crowd.
– Then here. It's my turn.
A male Senpai with good physique jumped out of the crowd and sat down, facing Haruka.
He put a 500 yen coin on the desk.
– Don't lose!
– Don't lose your nerve!
– Show the pride of the third years!
The voices he didn't understand whether they were cheering or hooting surged from the surroundings, encouraging that third-year boy.
The female Senpai next to Haruka hit Haruka's shoulder and,
– I wonder about that? Our Momochi is a *Strikers'* Elite! An Amazon who became B-Rank in two years!
She provoked them even more with a theatrical and hateful tone of voice.
– An amazon…?
Haruka shrunk, appearing to be even more embarrassed.
Seeing her confidence fall, the third-year boy carved a ferocious smile on the corners of his mouth.
He rolled up his sleeve, showed off his thick arm and put it on the desk.
Furthermore, it slowly wore a dark gray *prana*.
Haruka also put an arm wearing blue *prana* on the desk while still being curled up.
– Then, are you both ready?
The provoking female Senpai put their hands together as if she were the referee.
Arm wrestling.
The third-year boy glared at Haruka, his adversary, with dangerous eyes,
– I'm going to find out how amazing you *Strikers* are. When it comes to sword VS sword, I have a 1 in 10,000 chance of defeating you. But if we only use「Strength」, then I'm proud to say that's enough for me. I won't lose to you whose only pride is speed.
He declared with the full dignity of a senior.
Suddenly, loud applause surged from the curious onlookers.

Haruka just curled herself up more and more.
– *Readyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy…*
The female Senpai, who acted as the referee, shouted in a high-pitched voice.
The curious onlookers suddenly calmed down and watched over, holding their breaths.
The third-year boy bared his fangs and Haruka, his adversary, hung her head.
– *Gooooooooooooooo!*
And the sign of the beginning.
The third-year boy opened his eyes wide and mustered all his strength.
The back of his hand was already stuck to the desk.
It was abruptly knocked down.
– The winner is Momochiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii Harukaaa!
The female Senpai, who acted as the referee, hugged Haruka and extolled her victory.
Stirs and cheers broke out form the curious onlookers.
The defeated third-year boy stared at his right hand as if he couldn’t believe it.
– Now now, who’ll be the next challenger□? The price is 500 yen! Amazing, the one who defeats this Amazon will won a meal ticket worth 5,000 yen!
– Dammit, how can nobody defeat her!? She’s no more than a B-Rank!
– That girl… I was told that Momochi-san was nothing but really fast…?
– As expected, *Strikers* are nothing but monsters…
– B-but, the Senpai just now maybe was nothing out of the ordinary?
– A-a-alright. I’m the next.
The curious onlookers talked to the ones closest to each other, still excited.
The big uproar was that much.
Seeing that, Moroha was amused.
(That’s a nice business)
He didn’t know who came with the idea in Haruka’s class, but this seemed to be popular.
To begin with, being able to have a match with a member of *Strikers* aroused their competitive spirit.
Moreover, it was going good because Haruka was considered□to be only good at speed□.
– Can I win in a power game?
The situation was so exquisite he felt he was a customer.
Maya, who was riding Moroha’s shoulders, clapped and cheered very excited.
– Momochi-onee-san has gotten very powerful without me even realizing it desu!
– Well, certainly Momo-senpai is a training demon and her power has increased little by little too. That victory was purely by means of speed.
– Is that so nanodesu?

She innocently asked and nodded.
It was clear to Moroha’s eyes.
Her trick was easy to read. After she received the「Ready go」signal, Haruka quickly moved and knocked down the arm within 0.1 seconds or 0.01 seconds before the opponent put their strength into their arm.
Exactly like lightning speed. The true worth of *Speed Star*.
Additionally, it could be said that this was the fruit of her labor to find a way to use her speed every day to not be defeated by simple power.
Yes.
Moroha, who often accompanied Haruka in her training and gave her advice multiple times, knew how much she had given her best earnestly.
Ever since they met for the first time, Haruka——

Chapter 5: Like a whirlwind

The point of the small sword approached Moroha’s head from above.
A blue brilliance dwelled in the sword blade, swaying like a blue flame.
That was the power that led to God—
Namely, the brilliance of *prana*.
Moroha instantly saw the blue trail of the attack that was swung downward to cut him right in half.
He only gave a step back.
With that, the blue trail grazed Moroha’s tip of nose.
He evaded it with minimal movement.
– Well done.
Having her slashing attack dodged by Moroha, Haruka smiled broadly.
The lively-looking short hair that suited her and her boyish, unadorned presence were rather cute.
The pure-blue *prana* put on her body was refreshingly vivid to the eye.
The small sword that was swung down was immediately connected to an upward slash this time.
When Moroha also dodged it by taking a step backward, she immediately changed it into a horizontal slash.
Her small sword, her specialized weapon, excelled at taking tight turns.
The incredibly fast consecutive attacks of Haruka.
The blue brilliance that dwelled in her whole body became more and more colorful.
Each blow was as sharp as a blue lightning.
They were formidable.
Nevertheless, he saw all the lines at the last moment and kept dodging them with minimal effort.
If he barely stepped into that line, then that would be the end of the road,
– Won’t you get tired if you swing and miss like that—Momo-senpai?
He even had time to try sneering at her.
– Don’t shorten my name or call me like that!
Haruka got angry all of a sudden.
To say elegantly, she had an honest personality, to say it poorly, she had a straightforward personality.

Without intending to get on board of Moroha's evident provocation, she ended up making the horizontal swings slightly larger.
But, for Moroha, that slightly was enough.
Upwards.
He jumped over the trace of blue light drawn from right to left and leapt high into the air.
With a jumping power impossible for ordinary people. A vertical jump of several meters by means of Godlike Movement.
Moroha jumped over Haruka's head, somersaulted and landed.
He got behind her in an instant.
Evading her attacks with minimal movement until now was a preparation.
He could get accustomed to Haruka's eyes and evaded her greatly all of a sudden.
Normally, the opponent would have had the illusion that he disappeared!?.
Now it was Moroha's turn.*
***TN: Turn is the furigana reading for counterattack.**
A long sword was clasped in his right hand.
A single-edged sword that was several times larger than Haruka's specialized weapon.
A fast slash was swung downward onto Haruka's back.
Moroha's long sword ran on Haruka's back, following a diagonal line from the shoulder.
Despite he hit her with the bladeless back of the sword, he ended up cutting it off… or so he thought.
He felt no response in his hands.
– Your pace still falls short! Komon.
He heard Haruka's reprimand from above.
Before he knew, she jumped in the air.
Yes, what Moroha slashed was no more than **her afterimage**.
The application of Godlike Movement which had seven variations. Or one of the advanced techniques—
Komon, the way or walking that produced afterimages.*
***TN: Komon literally means Giant Gate and the name also represents Merak, a star in the constellation of Ursa Major.**
It was an *Ancestral Art* crowned with the name of the second star of the Big Dipper.
If she were normal, Moroha's pace should have been able to play with his opponent by resorting to evasion, but Haruka was by no means normal.
She easily saw through him.
And Haruka's evasive method linked to her pace was in an unusual area that produced afterimages,
– How impertinent of you, thinking you can defeat me with Godlike Movement.
Rather, it was Moroha who lost sight of her for a moment.

With a flexible posture and wild speed as if she were a female leopard, Haruka sprung at him.
That was gallant and beautiful.
(As expected of her…)
Moroha was astonished while stopping the slash swung downward from the air with his long sword.
After being scouted by *Strikers*, he frequently had bouts with Haruka in the martial arts stadium like this, but the impetus given by her was quite high.
– Seiyah.
Haruka, who jumped in the air, swung her sword downward as soon as she landed.
Moroha, who was attacked the moment he lost his guard due to「Komon」, did the best he could to catch it with his sword.
He had no time to see it and dodge it.
Haruka was the most expert at「Godlike Movement」in this school.
Moroha had acknowledged her superhuman speed, taijutsu agility and mobility not only once but twice.
Even if she told him that challenging her to a「Godlike Movement」match was a mistake, she wasn't bragging at all.
– Shall I follow the advice of my Senpai?
Moroha brought that to a sword lock immediately from the posture he blocked the small sword of Haruka.
He saw firsthand how the white radiance dwelling in his body strengthened and the *prana* increased.
If Haruka was slightly superior in speed, then Moroha could win with the strength of his muscles.
– Uh, oh…
Haruka panicked and forced back, but it was too late.
He mustered「Super Strength」and pushed the sword blade into her, blowing the petite body of Haruka many meters away.
The arena of the martial arts stadium was surrounded by concrete walls.
– Kyafuh.
The blown Haruka hit her back against it and raised a cute scream.
At that moment, Moroha already started pursuing her.
He dashed fiercely and hunted the prey that was finally driven to the wall.
– Awawa.
Confused, Haruka tried to escape, but it was—obviously too late.
Moroha, who had recently awakened as a「Savior」, was still far behind Haruka when it came to the technique that put「Godlike Movement」to use.
But if he just ran swiftly in a straight line, he wouldn't be outrun even by the fastest girl within the school.
He closed in on Haruka who was driven to the wall in less than a second and thrust the tip of the long sword at her chest.
Very closely.
– Check, Senpai.

– … Dammit, I lost again.
Clank, the small sword fell from Haruka's hand.
– You're too strong! You really are too strong!
Because she looked so charming, venting her anger while facing the wall, Moroha gave a broad smile while pulling his sword away.

After the match was over, Haruka sat cross-legged on the floor of the arena, she was angry.
– Geeeez! You're a first-year student but you've been acknowledged by that monster and that's so wrong!*
***TN: Monster is the furigana reading for captain.**
She threw the towel she took out of the sports bag at Moroha while boyishly inflating her cheeks.
Moroha gratefully used it.
He hadn't sweat that much though.
– Geez, you even make a cool face…. Why is my opponent so lenient?
– I'm not lenient at all, I got desperate. I also want to reach the point where I can use【Komon】. I mean it.
Moroha justified in a hurry, glared at by the scornful eyes of Haruka.
– You say that without shame. In the end, you went easy on me.
She seemed unable to stomach that Moroha stopped the sword at the last moment.
– But I don't like exposing girls to painful experiences.
The criticized Moroha scratched his head.
He wasn't against having bouts or practicing with a girl. This was that kind of school.
However, he didn't want to hurt them as much as possible.
That was Moroha's reason and not of the school.
– The cool act of Moroha. You womanizer.
– No no, I think most men have the same opinion.
– Tch. Then in that common opinion, someone like you consider someone like me a girl?
– Huh…?
Moroha took a hard look at the boyish yet good-looking face of Haruka.
– It's obvious, no? I'm not cute, and when I have free time, I only wield my sword. A-and I don't have b-b-boobs…
Haruka put her hands on her knees and squared her shoulders while muttering so, turning red.
– There's no mirror in Senpai's room?

– Anyway, you say something like this to anyone as long as their chromosome is XX, no? Aa geez, I'm angry now. This kouhai isn't cute in the slightest!
As she complained, Haruka took out a towel and briskly wiped the sweat off her neck and chest.
Probably because she got sluggish at the end, she only took off her jacket.
It seemed that she cheered up with the sense of liberation of the tank top as she wiped the whole upper part of her body seemingly comfortable.
When she raised her right arm and wiped the pure-white armpit, thrust her arm into the collar of the tank top to make it creep out through it, rolled up the hem, made her cute navel and pretty back muscles peek through and wiped the legs that extended alternately one at a time, the hem of the skirt became a problem this time.
She was lightly dressed. And her gestures had no defense.
There was no problem being kind of boyish, but,
– I may be an ugly kouhai, but I want Momo-senpai to realize that she's a cute Senpai. So please spare me that and don't take off your clothes so suddenly.
For Moroha, it was difficult where to look at.
– I-I said don't call me Momo! Don't shorten it!
Haruka snapped at something strange and raised her eyes.
– I think the shortened version is a cute way of calling you.
– Hey! I said that it doesn't suit me, didn't I!?
– I think it does suit you though.
Moroha smiled wryly in his mind, thinking It's a shame she's not aware of her cuteness.
– Shaddup shaddup shaddup shaddup! The promised dinner, that doesn't exist anymore!
– No way… I was looking forward to eating with Senpai.
He was at a loss. The "please spare me that" that Moroha had said as if appealing to a magistrate.
– Ah, it was… that fun, g-g-going with me?
– Yes. To be honest, the dorm's meal isn't enough.
For some reason, Haruka was disappointed when Moroha candidly replied with the hearty appetite of a growing child.
– Humph.
As soon as she snorted,
– That's right! You have two girlfriends so you're tired of dating.
As if she had become stubborn, she began to wipe her body with an increasingly bold defenselessness.
Moroha could only cover his face with his hands.
It wasn't bad that she misunderstood Satsuki and Shizuno as girlfriends. It wasn't like he could clear the misunderstanding positively either.
The problem was that he was troubled by Haruka's defenselessness and that had nothing to do with whether or not his girlfriends were there.

Furthermore, when he was about to call her attention—
The small breasts of Haruka peeked out from the opening of the disordered and loose-fitting tank top.
The breasts, which had a good shape and were similar to pounded mocha rice, felt as if they swelled out gently and plumply to that extent.
He ended up perfectly seeing even the pink and sexy pointed ends that looked like jelly deserts placed on top of them.
Moroha averted his eyes right away, but it was too late.
– U…
Rather, Haruka was quick to sense it.
The hand that held the towel and restlessly moved, suddenly stopped.
A complete different anger from a moment ago,
– D-did you see them…?
Haruka laughed to mask her embarrassment as she restlessly fixed her disordered tank top.
– You may have seen my boobs, but it's not like that will make you happy, right?
Despite saying masochistic things of that caliber, she covered her breasts with the towel and turned bright red.
– ……
Moroha had no comment.
He turned to the other side while dripping in cold sweat.
On the contrary, the young, sweet and pounded-mochi-like breasts of Haruka made him feel a guilty sexual desire.
The defenseless Senpai didn't realize at all that she aroused his male instincts all the more when she said those words.
– T-that's right! That's what I wanted to hear!
Haruka raised her voice as if to drive away the strangely bittersweet and awkward mood.
– You're too strong for being a first-year, you know? Your power and speed are at a high level and your balance is good. You improve quickly too. It feels like it's nothing but a trick somehow.*
***TN: Level is the furigana reading for dimension.**
If you have the secret, tell me, said Haruka, requesting while hitting her knees.
– I just do it very spontaneously…
– You liar. Don't be so stingy.
– I'm not being stingy…
Don't give me trouble, said Moroha, scratching his head.
It was an atmosphere where he wouldn't get her pardon unless he replied something.
– If I'm forced to say something… I believe that even if the strength and nature of the *prana* are the **foundation,** they're closely related to my mental state at that time. So, when I fight, I really do it in a Natural Stance.

Although Moroha said this, he himself realized that this wasn't an explanation.
Transmitting this *feeling* to others was an extremely difficult attempt.
However, this was nothing but Haruka's request. He didn't want to treat her with disdain.
If she thought about it again instead of being normally aware of it, then she would put it into practice, right? He tried putting it into words with effort and conveyed sincerely somehow.
– Have you tried standing up in a situation in your life in which—you hold your core strongly, you don't let it doubt your beliefs and evade it like a willow that doesn't refuse to being pushed from outside and that doesn't splinter despite all that? Senpai praised me moments ago by saying I have a nice balance, but isn't that the primary factor?*
***TN: This sentence is both hard to understand and translate.**
It'd be nice if something was transmitted to her, but… Moroha glanced at her complexion.
– Are you making fun of me?
Haruka said a cruel thing!
– Why would I do something like that?
– Hey, are you stupid? Didn't you pay attention to classes? Did you just learn that common sayings such as mentality affects *prana*? That thing called placebo is the easiest thing to feel, and actually, the White Knight Organization has thoroughly investigated and said it has nothing to do with it!
Haruka rebuked Moroha's opinion, referencing□Saviors□ ' greatest authority.
– I **don't think** so though.
Moroha flatly denied the greatest authority with a smile.
Haruka was astonished for a moment.
– I've had eenoooough. Because I knew you're a natural airhead, strong and unpleasant guy. I'm an ordinary person so I have no choice but to make efforts steadily—
Haruka complained, throwing herself down in the shape of the □ kanji.
After she idled like a spoiled child for a while,
– That's why we'll have another match!
She sprung up to pull herself together and sat cross-legged.
– Eeh? Again? Senpai, you're too energetic…
As for Moroha, he wanted to do nothing and relax for a while.
Well, of course, the match itself would be done earnestly.
But because he was going to do it seriously, he wanted a short break.
– Nope. Not making good use of every second and minute doesn't go with me.
Haruka stopped sitting cross-legged and walked on her knees to approach him.

– You said you want to be able to use【Komon】, no? If you're really saying that, then you should steal it from me. It's a shortcut to become stronger by competing against strong and skillful guys. So I have no choice but to steal strength from you!
She pointed at Moroha with her index finger and spoke sharply and vigorously.
– A shabby【Savior】like me carries the name of *Strikers* on my back! At least I have to do my best! My best!
Because she sidled up to him with so much energy, her index finger was about to be thrust into Moroha's mouth, and that troubled him.
As Moroha casually faced a different direction and evaded it,
– I think Senpai is strong though.
It wasn't flattery, he said it from the bottom of his heart.
– Liar. Moroha knows that people usually badmouths me and whatnot, right?
But Haruka didn't accept.
– Certainly, I'm the fastest in our school. But I'm a second-class【Savior】at the best with speed but no power. I wonder why… that guy chose me as a *Striker*. I'm upset… but I also think… I'm the one who knows that the most… and I can't object…
She gradually weakened as she said so and her shoulders fell, caught up in it.
Moroha was truly irritated.
– I think we should let those people say what they want to say.
The tenacity of those who badmouthed Haruka—who was this responsible, serious and hardworking person—and essentially no more than a girl, but he felt angry as if it were his own affair.
– It's okay. I'm weak so it's my fault.
Haruka shook her head to the left and right while wrinkling her chin as if enduring something.
– In that case, let's prove you're superior to them.
Moroha told Haruka with terrifyingly serious eyes.
– That's why I'm doing my best steadily every day. I'm thinking of trying to increase my power, so let's do that.
– That's important but technique innovation is also important.
Moroha persuaded her.
Occasionally, there was an impenetrable wall unless one searched for explosive growth. In everything.
– Nobody defeats Senpai when it comes to speed. That's why you should change that speed into attack power. What you should be aiming for is the speed at which you feel like you can hold down ordinary power.
The notion of a swordswoman who was fast and nothing else was wrong.
To become a swordswoman who mastered speed.
Aiming for the height of loneliness.
– … Like?

– Why not try learning「Donrou」?*
***TN: Donrou literally means “famished wolf” and it’s one of the stars of the Big Dipper (Dubhe).**
Moroha raised his index finger as if revealing his second idea.

An A*ncestral Art* that increased leg strength through *prana* and secured physical ability beyond common sense.
That was「Godlike Movement」.
And there were variations derived from this technique—high-level techniques.
Since there were seven variations in total, the secret techniques of the「Saviors」were prefixed with the names of the Big Dipper.
Moroha said「Donrou」 which was one of them, this was a combination of blows from multiple directions at a speed that made one wonder if they had cloned for an instant.

Moroha continued the explanation.
– Cloning is kind of the reason why one could say the attack power is doubled or tripled. Now, I don’t know how many years it will take to double the existing power. In Senpai’s case, rather than doing so, I think it’s best to learn「Donrou」.
– It’s not that easy! I know nobody who has been able to learn that as a student!
What’s with that triumphant look!?
Haruka criticized him.
– Eh, is that so?
– I wish you had told me that after looking it up at least!
– Then Senpai will go down in history, won’t she? Oh, we’ve started a competition between us.
– Shut up, you airhead!
Haruka was at her wit’s end.
– I’m seriously worried and you come saying such an unreasonable demand!
– But it’s not an unreasonable demand.
Contrastively, Moroha replied without a care.
– I’m saying that because I think you can do it. I wouldn’t have propose this from the beginning if I thought you couldn’t do it.
– No way, not a chance, impossible, dream on! It’s absolutely impossible for me to do such a monstrous thing!
– Say that after you have tried it at least.
– But you’re saying that I can do it even before I try doing it!? What’s your basis for that!?
– I get that from looking at the color… of your *prana*?
– Why a question form on top of an eccentric remark!?
– Anyway, if you think you’ve been tricked, then why not giving it a try?
– It’s easy to say it when it’s somebody else’s problem!

– I’m not saying that without feeling nothing though…
I can’t get her to understand¸ said Moroha, scratching his head while giving a forced smile.
– Momo-senpai, a moment──
– I told you not to shorten it already!
– Momochi-senpai, a moment ago, you said that not making good use of every second and minute doesn’t go with you, right? I like that.
Moroha liked straight people.
In addition, if they were hardworking people, he’d like to support them.
As he got up, saying “Then shall we continue training?”,
– Don’t say “like” so thoughtlesslyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!
His ears were pierced by the loud voice of Haruka whose body turned all red.
– Why are you yelling all of a sudden?
He condemned Haruka while getting annoyed, wondering why she raised the volume of her voice.
– S-s-s-s-shut up you inconstant!
Haruka’s cheeks, forehead, earlobes, the parts that could be seen from the tank top with an open collar and even the lower side of the collarbone had become red as a lobster.
– You have two girlfriends but your advances are still not enough.
– No, I’m nothing like that…
Geez, what a naïve Senpai she is.
The way she overreacted to the word “like” was too unexpected for Moroha.
– I-i-it’s not like even if you’re the exception──
– Even if I’m the exception?
– Don’t make me say it, you bakaaaaaaaaaa.
Haruka became an unmanageable child, crying **Uwaaaaaa** and hitting Moroha over and over.
It didn’t hurt, but he didn’t want her to act violently due to the loose-fitting tank top.
The collar opened, exposing *something* that shouldn’t be seen inside of it.
– Calm down. Whoa, Senpai. Violence isn’t good.
– **Uwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaan*.*
– Don’t cling to me please.
Excitement had a limit.
– It’s not like being embraced by a mannish woman like me was somethiiiiing.
– That’s Senpai’s opinion! My opinion is different!
There were completely different creatures called men and women in this world, there was no middle ground for something like mannish woman.
Whether her chest was light or had a boyish speech and conduct, Haruka was without a doubt a girl.
The limbs that firmly stuck to him were indescribably soft and the perfume raising up from the nape was so sweet it came to be arousing.

Why doesn’t she realize her own wonderful value? What a waste.
– If someone were to see you like that, the value of female Senpais will decrease, no?
– I care nothing about it. After all, I don’t have a boyfriend! And there’s no sign I’ll have one!
As it was bad to brush a girl away, Moroha tried to convince her with words, but his Senpai didn’t lend him an ear.
In that case, what Moroha could do was to cool down her anger and work so that no strange feelings were to raise.
How much was he forced to practice that—?
The worst-case scenario happened as he didn’t let Haruka go.
– Are you here, Haimura?
The voice of an energetic woman was heard from the entrance.
Someone came and stepped into the scene where Moroha and Haruka were embracing each other….

– Are you here, Haimura—?
The female student, who suddenly appeared, was the Demon Vice-Captain Tokiko.
With an energetic voice and way of walking of a soldier, she arrived at the center of the arena.
The female-scientist looking girl was the owner of a bright and beautiful face.
The stylish small glasses looked good on her. If she wore a white robe, and if he were a fan of that field, he might have been charmed by her.
– H-hello Vice-Captain!
– Kanzaki-senpai chussu!
Moroha and Haruka greeted her in loud voices from the left and right.
They spread out at a high speed from the hugging state.
They weren’t sure if she ended up seeing them already, but it was awful they were like this.
– Hmm? Why are you strangely formal? Did you quarrel or something?
The clever senior student asked as she adjusted the bridge of the glasses.
The tone of voice they heard as a cross-examination sounded like the one of a soldier.
It appeared that they weren’t seen hugging each other, but this time she appeared to have misunderstood the subtle sense of distance between Moroha and Haruka.
– No, we’re super close friends.
Moroha smoothed it over and Haruka agreed, shaking.

– That’s right, fights among Saviors and the like are strictly forbidden. It’s good that you’re good friends.
They got a saying and advice from her.
However, because this Senpai was ineffective and her tone of voice and expression were oppressive and scary, they heard as if they were told You sure are paying attention well, huh? somehow.
– More importantly, Haimura, I was looking for you.
Tokiko came with energetic steps next to Moroha who was standing at attention with respect towards the Vice-Captain.
– You promised that you would be doing special training with me the other day, no?
– Yes, that’s right. Well—
– I was wondering if it could be today. Are you free?
– Ah, well. That’s—
– What is it? Is there any problem?
– There are some inconveniences, but more importantly—
– What? Would you mind being clear?
Moroha cast his eyes down to make it clear.
As they were talking, Tokiko’s hand rubbed Moroha’s butt.
Moroha reproved her with his gaze.
Tokiko responded with a military-ish stern look.
– Haimura, you have a nice butt as always.
– Your impressions or the like aren’t needed, so stop please.
Moroha covered his face with his hands.
Ever since they met for the first time, the clever beautiful woman touched Moroha’s body whenever there was a chance. With a lewd way of using her hands.
At first he thought it was joke, but the person in question was serious just like her stern facial expression.
– This is sexual harassment, isn’t it? And power harassment.
– You’re exactly right, it’s power harassment. When a cute kouhai like you appeared, I wanted to play toy with you legally, so I frantically got stronger and climbed to the top to become Vice-Captain.
– This isn’t legal at all.
– Shut up. Retorts aren’t allowed. This is an order from your Vice-Captain.
Tokiko continued caressing Moroha’s butt while maintaining a grave tone of voice.
She was a serious, honest and erotic Senpai. And too wicked.
Like Haruka, every *Striker* had a strong desire which said I want to be strong.
However, it was rare for them to have straightly impure motives like Tokiko.
– That said, let’s go, Haimura. I’ve reserved the first martial arts stadium.
To Tokiko, who tried to forcibly kidnap Moroha when he hadn’t even said OK,

– Hey, wai—no, please wait a minute, Kanzaki-senpai!
Haruka protested in a loud voice.
– I've—no, I have reserved Moroha for today!
Haruka, who seemed to not be good at honorifics and polite language, lashed out while restating a few times over.
– What? Do it some other time, Momochi.
– No—I won't. Moroha is already practically monopolized by Satsuki and Shizuno, but Nene-senpai reserved him the day before yesterday and Sophia-senpai reserved him yesterday, and today it's my turn, at last.
– I see. He's quite popular, huh.
– That's why I won't—I will not hand him over!
– Shut up. Give me Haimura. This is an order from your Vice-Captain.
Tokiko folded her arms and said oppressively.
She held her head high and glared at her as if to say *"This lass"*,
– I don't think you suit as a *Striker*. It's the captain's decision so I'm not deliberately raising a different opinion. Haimura is too much of a special training partner to stop with a second class like you. Know your place.
– Gguh…
Haruka, who was told so flatly, faltered.
She felt like—her weak point was stabbed. Contrary to expectations, Haruka confessed seemingly vexed with□I can't argue□□I know that the most□towards an opinion like that.
In regard to Moroha, he ended up accepting the words of the Vice-Captain that sounded nothing but like thoughtless words.
That was why she silently bit her lips and made her slender shoulders quiver.
The appearance of Haruka, who cast down her eyes to endure it in silence, looked extremely touching to Moroha's eyes.
– I'm sorry, Kanzaki-senpai, but I—
He tried to face Tokiko with whom he had a previous appointment.
Whether the other person was the Vice-Captain or there would be a back talk, it had nothing to do with him.
Moroha liked the Senpai called Haruka and didn't like illogical things. That was why he didn't waver.
But.
– … Wait, Moroha.
A thin and restrained voice was heard.
From none other than Haruka's mouth.
– It's as Kanzaki-senpai says. Besides, if you just stay with someone like me, then you won't get any stronger.
She glared at Moroha with upturned eyes while tears flooded her eyes.
– It seems we all came to an agreement. Now, let's go to the first martial arts stadium.
Tokiko linked arms with Moroha clingingly.
– See you later. Thank you for being with me today.

Seeing that, Haruka rushed out.
It was easy for Moroha to shake off Tokiko's arm, run after Haruka and catch her.
But he deliberately didn't do it.
That made no sense now.
That was no comfort for Haruka.
He stared at the small back of Haruka going away with a sharp and serious look in his eyes.
– I've heard that everyone has prepared rewards in exchange for getting you to go along with their special training. What kind of reward do you want from me? It seems you're confident in the shape and springiness of your butt, am I right?
It wasn't like Moroha was bad at socializing or had never requested a reward, but for some reason, everyone, including Haruka, had the custom of preparing a compensation.
Moroha listened to the conversation of the reward without paying attention to it because he still glared at the passage where Haruka had disappeared.
He pondered.
(Self-deprecation—the Senpai's **foundation** is the nonexistence of confidence in herself…)
She was so cute yet she insisted that she was a mannish woman.
She had very wonderful qualities yet she insisted she was a second-class who was nothing but fast.
That self-deprecation was what keeps Haruka bound hand and foot, guessed Moroha.

If so—

A mountain forest spread in the mountain behind Akane Academy's Girls Dormitory.
Maintenance was completely nonexistent there, all that it had were a few animal trails.
Generally, it was a place with no value, but it was used by students for secret special training.
After sunset.
Moroha summoned Haruka there.
– What we'll be doing here?
Haruka said brusquely and seemingly displeasured.
– If it's about Kanzaki-senpai, don't apologize, okay? The fact of the matter is that I agreed to that. If you apologize, I'll feel too miserable.

Did he show mercy because she was weak? Haruka, however, seemed to be like that.
Also, because he thought Haruka would accept that, Moroha didn't run after her on purpose at that time.
– I won't apologize. But I'll let you proceed in a logical manner. Let's continue the training.
– Here?
Haruka looked the surroundings, apparently puzzled.
The trees got in the way. The footing wasn't leveled. The only light was the starlight. It wasn't an easy place to fight at all.
– If you want to do it, I'll do it, but isn't it better to go to the martial arts stadium?
– That won't do.
Moroha shook his head slowly.
– It's too small for Senpai and I. Let's have a real match in this vast space.
As if we made a new start.*
***TN: The last part literally is: As if breaking each other's shell.**
He turned to Haruka who was bewildered and didn't understand what he began to say.
Moroha.
– I declare. From now on, I'll try to surpass Momo-senpai's speed.
Without enthusiasm.
In a Natural Stance.
Because that wasn't reckless enthusiasm but a prediction of the future that would happen next.
She smiled daringly.
– Surpass me… in speed?
Haruka changed her expression so much it was seen even in the dark.
An expression she showed Moroha for the first time.
– You're amazing, Moroha. You're really strong, even without *Dark Arts*.
And because even your power and speed are among the top three in the school, I get you're lionized as the Super Rookie. I'm no match for—
She began to talk gloomily.
Her manner of speaking had the same tone as usual, but her expression was different from usual—
She didn't try to torture herself, saying she wasn't a great□Savior□,
She didn't try to gloss over her lack of self-confidence with an embarrassed grin,
– —But in terms of speed, I'm the number one *Striker*!
The look of a cornered beast, but because it was cornered it bared its fangs.
The face of a warrior who couldn't hand over the only pride she had left.
(Haha…!)
Moroha wanted to shout for joy.
So this was Haruka's face!

The self-torturing girl who didn’t listen, asserting「How do you know before trying it?」「What’s your basis?」 to Moroha who stamped the seal of approval that he could master「Donrou」!
That was fine.
The opposite would trouble him.
(Because──the earnest Senpai, the Senpai that is worthy of my respect, the Senpai that I like but doesn’t like me is too beautiful for me to be vexed at)
He wanted Haruka to notice.
Her own qualities.
Her charm.
– I won’t ask, Moroha. I think it’s good to be confident. But since it feels like you’ve become too arrogant, I’ll have to correct your misunderstanding as your Senpai.
A small sword appeared in Haruka’s right hand that held the empty space as if it were a magic trick or sorcery.
Her eyes shone more dazzlingly than the stars floating in the night sky.
I’ll break that aggressiveness of yours, she threatened.
– I’m happy. I’m really am.
Moroha also made Saratiga manifest in his right hand.
– The one he who drives a blow with「Saturn」into the other first wins. There won’t be hard feelings even if the other gets seriously injured. Understood?
Haruka wore a pure blue brilliance.
– Fine by me.
Moroha housed a star-like white *prana* in his whole body.
Haruka’s stance was precisely a stand with legs in an L-shape, with one leg bent in front and the other extended behind──the small sword in her right hand, her right foot in front and the right side of her body turned completely towards her opponent.
Moroha also held the long sword with his right hand. He proudly threw out his chest, turned his body slightly diagonally and faced her.
Haruka’s expression was perfectly the one of a swordswoman.
Moroha didn’t forget to smile.
Although Haruka was a soft swordswoman, her temperament was strong.
Although Moroha was a strong swordsman, his temperament was soft.
The two swordsmen, who were the exact opposite of each other, faced each other, increased their *prana* and aroused their fighting spirit.
White and blue.
The atmosphere between the two stung as if it were smoldering scorchingly.
The wind howled.
It ran through the treetops, dropping leaves that fell flutteringly.
As soon as one of the leaves was touched by the stinging air, **Cut**, they were split in half.
The feeling of tension that swelled until right before the explosion.
And.
– Come. If you’re faster than me, try proving it.

Moroha began an attack—in response to Haruka's provocation.
He ran on the ground and shortened the distance. Since he used「Godlike Movement」, he could cut his way into her position in one flying step.
He sprung at Haruka who still was in the same stance without moving.
– Too slow. It's not even a bother.
The first long sword of Moroha was easily dodged by Haruka. The moment the sharp slash attacked her, her figure disappeared.
Not only her shadow and form, even her presence was completely deleted.
An application of「Godlike Movement」that had seven variations. Rather, one of the advanced techniques—
「Rentei」, a way of walking that completely eradicated sounds and presence.*
***TN: Rentei literally means "cheap righteousness" and it represents the star "Alioth".**
An *Ancestral Arts* crowned with the name of the 5th star of the Big Dipper.
(I thought so)
Moroha took the next action while grinning.
He sensed that Haruka's presence tried to connect behind him.
She, who had escaped at a great speed, went behind Moroha as she erased her presence as though both shadow and shape had gone. But the deleted presence of「Rentei」wavered with the killing intent that was leaked when turning to offensive.
Moroha immediately slashed back the long sword while making his body half rotate to the back.
However, he swung and missed again.
Haruka's presence disappeared again.
– Attacking from the back isn't as easy as it seems, huh.
In an instant, she evacuated 5 meters away, stood on a tree branch and looked down at him.
Moroha, still in a posture with his long sword raised overhead, looked up at the figure of Haruka that even felt as if he ended up letting her go faraway a moment ago.
Moroha was also confident in his「Godlike Movement」, but was it equal to mere child's play in front of Haruka?
– If it's not easy, then you'll have to come up with something.
An instant later, the figure of Haruka moved to the top of a tree branch behind Moroha.
– What about this? Can you follow me?
An instant later, Haruka's figure was completely hidden behind another tree.
– Interesting, isn't it? Here, this way, this way.
An instant later, Haruka's voice was heard from behind a completely different tree.
– Where are you looking? I'm not there, I'm not there—**Bleh**!

An instant later, Haruka’s figure appeared, hanging her legs on the branch of a different tree.
– Hey, I’m told you I’m here!
An instant later, he didn’t know where Haruka’s figure had disappeared to.
Haruka appeared and disappeared again and again, changing places at an ultrahigh speed.
She was fast. Absolutely fast. Single-mindedly fast.
To that extent. But, if it was Haruka, then something like an unconventional technique──no, she could cast a magical illusion. The terrain effect called forest helped her.
Moroha had already given up following Haruka’s figure with his eyes.
He closed his eyelids calmly.
If he couldn’t follow Haruka with his eyes, then using something else to capture her was good.
The fact that she moved so fast that it couldn’t be grasped by his eyes meant that she took an extraordinary number of steps.
The slight sound of leaves being crushed when Haruka stepped on them.
The faint sound of stepped-on branches bending. Even the faint sound of stepped-on grass falling down.
He isolated his sense of sight and caught all those sounds with the sense of hearing.
An orchestra and everything could be heard by the ears of Moroha strengthened by【Divine Hearing】.
He tried to follow Haruka’s movements with the sounds and not his eyes.
And──the musical performance stopped all of a sudden.
Moroha opened his eyes suddenly and widely.
He confirmed that Haruka wasn’t anywhere in his field of vision in an instant, waited a moment and released a slash…!
It was without enough visual confirmation, however, it wasn’t something you would call a shot in the dark.
The sound of footsteps suddenly disappearing certainly meant that Haruka did it to delete her presence.
And that only meant that she stopped the disturbance by means of speed and turned to offensive.
Moreover, if this wasn’t an attack from the front, then being something other than a surprise attack from the back was impossible.
(So this is also your way of doing things, Momo-senpai…)
Therefore, Moroha turned around and swung the sword without hesitation.
– As expected of Moroha, you saw through me very well!
Haruka stopped holding her breath and praised him.
She had room to praise him.
It was written on Haruka’s facial expression.
(I don’t know how you saw through my surprise attack, but that’s all there is to it. My sword is absolutely faster than yours. The one who will slash first will be me!)

Moroha’s sword speed was slow as a slash from an unfavorable posture called delayed slash.
If the surprise attack failed, then that was all there was to it. This time, she would attack him head on.
To see such a refreshing solution.
Haruka came sprinting in a straight line, wearing *prana* that looked like blue flames.
As she abandoned【Rentei】—the way of running that isolated her presence, she accelerated and went even for the top gear.
To drive a blow faster than Moroha into him.
A lively and leopard-like beauty.
Moroha now stored this brave charming figure in his field of vision.
From far above.
– Eh……?
Haruka was lost for words.
She seemed to think—I charged, holding my short sword and hitting faster than Moroha’s delayed slash could touch me.
Moroha’s figure disappeared like a mist.
Namely, this was an afterimage….
– You stole my【Komon】!?
When she noticed, it was too late.
Before Haruka did a surprise attack, using【Rentei】. Before Moroha saw through her surprise attack. Before Haruka became defiant and said that the one hitting first won the game.
Before, before, before—
Haruka’s leg strength were defeated by Moroha’s **thinking speed** which had read the flow of the battle to that extent.
Moroha, whose real body had jumped a few meters high in the sky and who had left an afterimage by means of【Komon】that he made succeed without previous preparation, came attacking from mid-air.
Haruka, without being able to avoid him, blocked him with the small sword at the last second.
– Oooooo…
Moroha mustered his *prana* together with a roar, shook off the sword that stopped the blow without caring about details and blew Haruka’s petite body backwards with【Super Strength】.

(He… he…)
Haruka was thrilled while and despite being blown away by his brute force.
(This guy is really amazing! He has no limit…!)
She surrendered herself to the ecstasy and great joy that ran in her entire body.
She knew well that Moroha surpassed her in power. She realized.
But to think he would make Haruka fall behind at【Godlike Movement】…!
He had no limit. Or bottom.

The improvement in speed was enough to make those words bear a close resemblance.
Even though it took more than half a year until Haruka came to use「Komon」!
(But I still don't want to lose. I don't want to lose only in speed!)
Yes——
Unless she went beyond. Unless she always went ahead. If she was about to be reached, she had to be faster. If she was overtaken, she had to overtake them again. Faster, faster, faster, more and more and more ahead.
If Moroha was a man who easily broke through limits.
Then she would also go beyond limits.
No, she had to go.
Beyond, beyond limits. Go. Try going! That determination——changed a part of Haruka's **foundation**.

– Nuaaaaaaah.
Haruka stood firm on both legs together with a roar.
She killed the momentum that blew her away as she made two traces on the ground. And stopped.
No sooner she stopped than she dashed forward like a bent spring.
At full speed toward that cheeky Moroha.
She decided. She already decided. Her self-confidence trampled underfoot by「Komon」and that felt as if being beaten at her own game was nothing but wiping out the disgrace using the superior Seven-Star Techniques even more.
Yes, she would make Moroha fall speechless with「Donrou」. She decided so.
(You told me that I could do it so don't go regretting it!)
A dangerous smile appeared on Haruka's mouth.
「Komon」was a technique that could be used by carrying pace to extremes. She did special training so that she could change gears from a state of rest to top speed and vice versa in an instant.
「Donrou」was a technique that made one's speed explode for an instant. It really lasted only a fraction of a second——only those who could break through beyond bounds could hit the enemy at a speed that one could only see as if they had cloned.
She gave up, saying that she couldn't do it.
But Haruka's foundation knew no bounds anymore.
Thanks to Moroha!
(Here I go…)
The speed called the school's fastest exploded even more.
The figure of Haruka was blurred. There were two Haruka: one on the left and one on the right. A duplication.
She succeeded in producing that sort of uncatchable speed.
To reach the other side of the wall that no one had achieved yet.
Swift and simultaneous connected attacks,「Donrou」.

If he caught the left one, the right one would hit him, if he caught the right one, the left one would hit him, she launched attacks that actually hit Moroha.
Haruka swung the short sword as if extending her hand to victory.
As was expected, Moroha—
– In the end, you could do it, Momo-senpai!
—At that moment, there were four of them.

Haruka's thinking ceased.
She was left behind by Moroha's speed.
And that, was the end.
The swords released by 【two】Haruka were blocked by【two】 Moroha and 【another two】Moroha headed to Haruka, slashed at her and stopped suddenly at the top of the shoulders.
If one expressed the offense and defense that occurred in a fraction of a second as one saw it, it could only be described as that.
To be precise, it appeared as if Moroha, who moved at quadruple speed, didn't thrust the edge of the sword at Haruka who moved at the normal speed of a【Savior】just before he hit her.
– Check, Senpai.
Her voice didn't come out, even when the victory was declared. She couldn't reply.
Haruka stopped her feet and stood stock still, dumbfounded.
Her thought began to move little by little and the meaning of the offensive and defense in a fraction of a second now gradually spread everywhere.
She stared at the point of Moroha's sword put on the top of the shoulder with eyes as if she had seen something unbelievable and with a sluggish movement of her gaze.
– … So you… could use…【Donrou】.
– I did it without previous preparation though. I, who said Momo-senpai to try going beyond the limit, didn't do anything and that isn't something to be proud of, is it?
– … Goddammit. You really exceeded my speed.
– Yeah, for the time being, that is.
Moroha forcibly cleared his throat and said, looking like he regretted it very much.
What a hateful man!
– … I'll overtake you right away.
Haruka said, raising her voice and pouting her lips; Moroha smiled warmly with a satisfied-looking face.
Seeing that, Haruka turned red to the earlobes.
It was so annoying that she knew—thought not wholly, that she was being led by the nose by a junior.

After school the next day—
Moroha changed into his combat uniform in the locker room and headed to the second martial arts stadium where he was summoned at.
Then went inside and became speechless.
– What are you doing, Momo-senpai…?
He involuntarily stared at Haruka who was sitting cross-legged in the middle of the arena with eyes half-closed.
– What? You know by seeing me, no?
Haruka replied shamelessly.
She was right in the middle of taking off her uniform, wearing only a pair of underpants below.
She changed into her combat uniform in a place like this instead of using the locker room.
Haruka didn't have much breasts and butt. However, that didn't mean she had the body of a child. Although the swellings and waist were gentle, they were there, forming limbs that drew seductive curves. Rather, that point reminded him the juiciness of young fruits and also looked much more exciting than superficial glamour.
– No, you shouldn't show yourself…
Moroha covered his face with his hands.
This Senpai was really defenseless.
– Ahaha, it's not like I'm naked, though I don't think anyone would be delighted peeking at me changing my clothes.
Not being aware of her own charm had a limit.
– The locker room? The Senpais are so noisy (especially Kanzaki-senpai), you know? As nobody uses the second martial arts stadium, I found no problems using it to change my clothes.
Having too much problems had a limit.
Because she summoned Moroha, saying that nobody used it, they were bound to bump into each other. That kind of thinking surely had come out of the head of this defenseless Senpai.
– I'm warning you in advance. Momo-senpai, you will be attacked by a man someday.
Of course, in a sexual sense.
– If so, then I should just defeat them at their own game, no?
Without bearing it, Haruka laughed loudly.
– Well… there aren't many men stronger than Senpai… are there?
When Moroha agreed against his will, wondering if that way of thinking was alright—
– Yeah, that! See this, Moroha!
Haruka, who stood up nimbly, spread her arms and charged in.

While wearing a pair of underpants and a loose-fitting tank top.
As soon as she suddenly wore a blue *prana* in front of the startled Moroha,
□□□It looks like I got the hang of it!□□□
Haruka's body had triplicated.
With□Donrou□, which she achieved without preparation yesterday, she made not one but two clones.
Haruka made her face shine with the fact that today she could get faster than yesterday and tomorrow faster than today.
She came leaping into the amazed Moroha──and sent a rain of kisses.
The forehead, right cheek and left cheek: an instant work one wouldn't think it happened at the same time in three places.

Despite being so fast that there was no lingering effect, the places touched by the budding lips of Haruka were hot as if he had a fever.
– What are you doing so suddenly?
Moroha tried to wipe the kissed places without thinking.
But since there were three places, he panicked, wondering where to start.
– W-what…? I'm thanking you. Because I got stronger.
Haruka, who pouted her lips, turned bright red and looked down.
That seemed to be natural, but her gesture that seemed to appeal to the part she used to kiss him made Moroha hot again.
The sulking-like upturned eyes were super lovely too.
– Or you think my kisses aren't enough to thank you?
– No──
Moroha had no choice but to scratch his head.

– I'm happy. I'm really am.
– If we don't return soon, you will be scolded by Satsuki-onee-san desu.
– Oops, that's scary, very scary.
Shaken by Maya, Moroha came to his senses after indulging in meditation for a short while.
In the direction of the arm-wrestling shop (shop?), the curious onlookers still extolled Haruka's victory without losing their excitement or rather, they continued getting excited at the strength dispute.
The defeated third-year boy was still depressed, he didn't seem willing to stand up.
Haruka, who easily won, curled herself up, looking apologetic and embarrassed.
Moroha thought that he should go to Haruka and greet her with his eyes.
Haruka also seemed to notice him, waving his hand from above the crowd of people. At that moment, she got startled.
She blushed as if she had a fever and began to tremble abruptly.
(Eh?)
The very moment when Moroha wondered what happened to her,
– You're wroooooooooooong!
Haruka left her seat as she screamed.
The curious onlookers were also dumbfounded.
Haruka continued screaming without being concerned about it.
– I told you I'm not an Amazooooooon!
She seemed to be really concerned about that.
However, when light suddenly returned to the eyes of the defeated third-year boy,
– No… you're the best Amazon in the school.
– Senpai, what are you saying so suddenly!?
– Sophia isn't a match for you. I guarantee it.
– Where did you pull that face full of confidence from!?

– If I had to give an example… that’s right, you’re a female yokozuna in the world of arm wrestling.*
***TN: Yokozuna is the highest rank in sumo.**
– Is that supposed to be a compliment to a girl!?
– I won’t forgive anyone who makes fun of this person, even if she’s powerless!
– Put an end to this nice conversation!
*□□□*Clap* *Clap* *Clap* *Clap* *Clap* *Clap*□□□*
– Seeeeeeriously, why are you clapping!?
Haruka boiled, turned all red and looked at Moroha with teary eyes,
– It’s not like I have thick arms and I’m not an incredibly powerful character at all!
No sooner she insisted with all her strength than she escaped as if dashing away.
– It seems that being seen by Moroha was very embarrassing for her desu.
– Rather, did I do something wrong…?
He should have left, saying nothing.
When Moroha scratched his head—
– Wait! How dare you, Haimura-kun!
The female Senpai that appeared to be Haruka’s classmate came, splitting the crowd of people.
She came while squaring her shoulders and raising her beautiful eyebrows.
– Because of you, the Amazon, our attraction, has escaped!
– Oh.
Moroha wasn’t convinced when he was told it was 100% his fault, but because he couldn’t feel it was completely unrelated to him, he got embarrassed.
– Now that this happened, how can I keep my business going!?
– I’m sorry. I’ll take responsibility.
Moroha put his palms together and begged.
– I’ll do arm-wrestling in place of Momo-senpai… so please pardon me with that.
He would be really scolded by Satsuki if he didn’t go back to the coffee shop.
There was no other way. The angry face of his□younger sister□crossed his mind and dropped his shoulders with a *boo-hoo.*
Then—Maya, whom she gave a ride on his shoulders, tapped his head twice.
– Moroha, look around you desu.
– Hmm?
Moroha did as he was told.
All the curious onlookers disappeared!
They completely disappeared without him noticing it, the only thing that fluttered in the empty corridor was a gust of wind….
The female Senpai shouted in anger while twitching the beautiful eyebrows that were still raised.

– If you do it, then my game won’t work!*
***TN: game is the furigana reading for business.**
It was a very unacceptable story.
Maybe it was absolutely necessary for him to be aware he was regarded an *S-Rank* a bit more.*
***TN: S-Rank is the furigana reading for “the evaluation of his surroundings”.**

After he was forgiven somehow by Haruka’s classmate, Moroha wandered inside the school building.
– We will really be late if we don’t hurry up desu?
Maya looked anxious, but it couldn’t be helped.
– There’s no way I can leave Momo-senpai like that, is there?
– That’s true desu, but…
Maya looked like something was caught in her teeth.
Moroha said while looking around for Haruka.
– When I see Momo-senpai, I feel awfully frustrated. Nobody else but me thinks that a person like that is too good. That’s why, I have to do something about it. While considering that I’m also meddlesome.
As soon as she heard so, a tuff of Maya’s hair stood up like a sensor.
No, that was an illusion, but she seemed to be very interested in it.
She cheerfully took out the memo and,
– I knew that Moroha and Haruka-onee-san were close desu, but to think I didn’t realize it was such a deep relationship desu. What kind of things do you think are too good desu?
– Everything.
– That’s not an answer desu!
Moroha surrendered because Maya protested, bringing her cute eyebrows near each other.
– She’s a beautiful woman but she doesn’t consider herself as such, despite having a great talent, she thinks she’s weak, she’s so good that is vexing.
– I understand she is a beautiful person desu… but is Haruka-onee-san that talented to be recognized by Moroha desu?
– Yes. I can’t understand at all how Momo-senpai is belittled in this school.
Certainly, the strength of her power and attack power were easy to understand.
Besides, being fast and nothing else made no sense, she couldn’t get strong unless she devised unique tactics to take advantage of her own speed and to kill the power of her opponent.
But to put it the other way around—
Haruka could only become stronger by learning and working out tactics one after another.
How amazing was the quality of being faster than anyone?

Ultimately, Moroha seemed to want to know if there was a way to win with a sword against an opponent who was so fast that couldn't be touched.
– I think Momo-senpai will reach A-Rank before Sophie-senpai.
That was the talent that would approach Isurugi Jin.
But unfortunately, there was no person among the teachers of the school who could reach Haruka.
Her talent was way beyond teacher's powers.
– Maya also feels sorry desu. I ended up looking down on her desu.
Maya, who heard that story, swallowed saliva in her mouth and took out the memo.
– It's a new discovery nanodesu. For Moroha, there's another important Onee-san──
– Wait wait, what are you talking about?
Moroha tried to ask, but he couldn't.
Because he found Haruka.
She fixedly peeked at them from the other side of the shoe rack.
She only showed half of her face with tears in her eyes.
Maya told□you better go nanodesu□with her eyes and stood next to him.
Moroha headed straight to Haruka while appreciating that,
– What are you doing in a place like this?
– Moro… saw me with an acquaintance like that… I wish I could just disappear.
– There's nothing to be embarrassed about.
– I was told I'm a female yokozuna…
– He didn't say it with malice, but he had no delicacy either. While we're at it, I don't care what others say. The skill of Momo-senpai isn't brute but beautiful, that's what I really think.
– … You really think so?
– If Senpai made fun of a D-Rank opponent and fought with brute force, I would nag you and admonish you over and over.
– … You're that kind of guy after all.
Haruka came out from behind the shoe rack, looking a bit embarrassed as she lamented.
– I'm going back to everyone, but why don't we go together?
If she looked herself in the mirror, wearing a cute waitress dress, it might heal her damaged heart.
– What time is it?
– It's almost two o'clock.
Moroha checked with his cell phone.
– Then I can't go there yet.
Haruka said bluntly while pouting her lips.
– I promised to my classmates that I would do arm wrestling until three o'clock. Besides, I have to apologize because I ran away without thinking.
She couldn't help but be reluctant in her heart.
Rather, this Senpai really possessed a strong sense of duty.

– That’s right. I think that’s great.
Moroha showed a big smile on his face.
But, for some reason, Haruka pouted her lips more and more,
– It’s because you understand well that I don’t care what you say to me.
She mumbled as if she spoke to herself, dyeing her cheeks lightly.
She left those words with him and went, dashing away again.
Moroha waved his hand and followed her with his eyes until she disappeared at an impossible speed while smiling. Then he returned to the dressmaking room with Maya.
His break time had ended a while back, so he prepared himself to be scolded.
There was still a line formed in front of the dressmaking room──no, the situation had changed.
Students were gathering in large numbers in the corridor, but instead of waiting their turn lined up, the line was ignored, they peeked into the classroom, standing right behind the windows.
They brightened their eyes and expressed unanimous admiration, saying things like「Amazing」or「It’s the real deal」and so on.
What on earth was happening?
Moroha had an incomparable bad feeling.
His feet stopped of their own accord, and Maya, who walked with him, holding his hand, looked up at him seemingly suspicious.
– What’s wrong desu?
– Hmm…
How would he explain this bad feeling?
When he wracked his brain──
– Ara? Welcome back.
Shizuno in waitress clothes came out from inside, noticed Moroha and greeted him.
– Customers have come for you. I think you should go fast?
Having said that much, she hurriedly went to the home economics room.
Shizuno seemed to merely go and put a plate down.
For the lazy girl, maybe this was “working diligently”.
However, her back, reflected in Moroha’s eyes, felt as if she ran away of her own accord.
– Maya also remembered an urgent business desuu.
– Uoih? Do you have any idea who has come?
– Spend your time with the customer nanodesuu.
Moroha tried to stop her, but Maya left hastily.
She really ran away….
(I should go back, huh…)
Moroha seriously considered for a moment, but he came to the conclusion that it was impossible to quit as a waiter now.
He prepared himself for the worst, but he fearfully stepped into the dressmaking room.

And an unbelievable sight happened just before his eyes—

Chapter 6: A holiday for two

The condition inside the dressmaking room to which he had returned for the first time in two hours had changed.
Customers and tables were crammed in half of the classroom.
A wide space was on the other half side, an expensive-looking carpet was spread out there.
What was put in the middle of that side was also an expensive-looking table and a chair.
And a silver-haired, green-eyed man was reclined on it.
Despite having a frivolous-like smile clinging to his cheeks, his presence was incredibly overwhelming.
Isurugi and the team members just kept silent, watching him attentively—rather, they surrounded him at a distance, seemingly uncomfortable.
A beautiful blonde maid took care of him gallantly.
Moroha yelled at the man who gracefully inclined the expensive-looking teacup.
「Why are you here?」
His bad feeling proved to be right.
No, as one would expect, this was beyond the scope of his expectations.
What kind of business did he have with the school festival? Moroha couldn't help feel surprised at this totally unbelievable appearance of the most VIP of all the White Knight Organization.
「Why the rather cold reaction, Jack? You hurt my feelings, you know?」
This man, who showed how he played the fool with an unbearable face.
His name was Edward Lampard.
He was the British Division Head known as "White Knight".
From the point of view of Moroha, he was a big walking nuisance.
He could undertand now why Shizuno and Maya escaped.
「It's been a long time since we've met face to face, so can you give me a little warmer welcome?」
「I want to say "please have this ochazuke", but you wouldn't want it」*
***TN: Ochazuke is rice with tea poured on it.**
「*Ochazuke*? If that's not some sort of natto milk tea, then I'll gladly have it?」

Saying so, Edward laughed while reminiscing.
When considering he himself was the one who had a bad time in the past, this was quite a bold behavior indeed.
「Then I'll say it bluntly. Go home right now」
「Hahaha, You're truly blunt」
「We're enjoying the festival. Your presence kills the fun, it's not the same」
「Jack's words seem to cut my heart like a sword!」
Edward lamented with an exaggerated gesture.
「Oh, my lord, that is so heartrending…」
The blonde maid comforted him right away.
「Ack! Can you heal me in your chest?」
「Of course, sir!」
Edward pressed his cheeks and buried his face in the rich chest of the blonde maid.
As she allured her lord, the blonde maid glared at Moroha with eyes similar to the one of a mad dog.
(If you mock my lord, I'll tear you apart!)
The maid, who made her eyes shine as if saying so—was obviously AJ aka Angela.
(You're flirting with him in front of the public…)
This sickeningly damn sweet and soppy couple, said Moroha, clicking his tongue.
As Edward kept pressing his cheeks,
「Jack is so cruel. Even though it's thanks to me that you can enjoy the festival free from worries」
「Wait, I can't let that pass」
「But it's true!」
AJ declared overbearingly.
「… What do you mean?」
Moroha ignored Edward's reckless remark and asked AJ.
Since it were her words, he could hear her obediently.
「It was my lord's recommendation that allowed you, who were confined and treated badly by the Japanese Division, to return to a school life without trouble. Properly speaking, even if it had turned out that you were falsely accused, you would have had to give explanations for a long time! While I say this, the Japanese Division claimed that your confinement was a reckless behavior of that woman called Takanashi, but for the sake of investigating the authenticity of that rigorously, my lord took the trouble of coming to a remote place like this. Thank him at least, you ungrateful!」
「If you had said so from the start, my attitude would have been different, but…」
Moroha shifted his attention to Edward,
「Okay then, you have my thanks」
He barely bowed his head.
「This rude guy!」

AJ immediately exasperated.
「No… I'm sorry. Please don't get that mad. I give up」
「If you had tried being silent for a while now, the one who abases oneself would be somebody else! Why are you being servile to me!? Why!?」
「Because I respect Angela-san」
「Be like that to my lord!」
「You're saying something difficult」
No matter how much AJ requested, this was a bit too much.
「This brat, get out of my siiiight!」
「Now, now. Try not being so unreserved, Anne. I'm glad you're getting angry for my sake, but that spoils a precious and beautiful woman like you, you know?」
「I-I-I-I'm sorry, sir!」
AJ stepped back and bowed many times.
Despite all that, the praised corners of her mouth became softer.
She was a cute person as usual.
As Moroha scratched his head,
「But I think Angela-san has a beautiful angry face?」
「You brat, don't say something so cheeky!」
AJ was enraged, her face turned bright red.
「Hahaha. I agree, but I'm the only one who notices her charm and I want to monopolize it」
「E-Edward-sama… ♥」
AJ made her eyes water, her face turned bright red.
AJ-san was very hectic today.
Edward coughed as he drew the attention of AJ's feverish eyes in her face seen from the side.
「Well, that's how it is. I happened to hear that there was a school festival today so I couldn't stand sit still. I did my best to finish the investigation yesterday and hastened to visit Jack」
(If only you could return to England like that)
Moroha swallowed such aggressive words.
That would just anger AJ, he couldn't bring himself to make her shout any more than this.
「Today I'm just a customer. Can you entertain me with food and drinks?」
「Do I have a choice?」
Moroha accepted reluctantly.
And──
「If you're a customer, then order something!」
A critique came from the doorway behind the classroom.
Moroha turned around towards there.
The one who folded her arms and stood imposingly with an angry face was Satsuki.
Like the rest of the team members, she was silent, reading the situation, but she fired the first shot as if she couldn't tolerate it.

「You change the scenery of the store of your own accord and drink the tea that you brought, so how does that make you a customer?」
Satsuki thrust a finger at him with a snap.
This courage that didn't flinch even from a VIP.
AJ, who had the finger thrust at her, noticed that the cup of her lord was empty and politely poured another helping from her own high-class-looking pot.
「*Wat* are you doing as soon as I say so!?」
「What is *wat*? Isn't it a natural concern to think that there's no way I can serve an awful tea prepared by the child's play of the students to my lord?」
「Then have the consideration to not enter the shop in the first place!」
Steam boiled from Satsuki's face.
AJ ignored her as if to say 「Japanese's English is hard to understand」.
Satsuki snapped, seeing that attitude.
「I certainly don't know what your tea is made of! But it's not better than the tea made by this shop!」
She provoked and stuck out her tongue at the mad dog the British Division boasted of.
「… Huh?」
The mad dog the British Division boasted of peeled one of her eyes and threatened.
「Hey, lass. Can a barking opponent really choose? You, who cried like a baby when I beat the hell out of you, are bragging too much, you know?」
「Weren't you crying when you saw Moroha's incantation!?」
「Don't talk about thaaaaaaaaaaaaaat」
AJ covered her face with both hands.
She recovered from the shame and thrust a finger back at Satsuki,
「I'm not forgiving you, lass! If you're so proud of your tea, then I'll have a cup of it. The "playing house tea" of a Japanese or whatever it is, I'll criticize it down to the last detail!」
「Alright! This is a duel. A one-to-one fight」
「You're getting fired up but I'm sorry. You see, I'm becoming a little hungry」
「If so, then eat something made by us」
「Shut up, lass! I'm telling you I can't let my lord have any junk food made by you」
「Really? Then let's have a match to see if you can make something more delicious than us」
「Fine!」
AJ laughed mockingly and full of confidence.
Moroha reacted too late to it with an 「Ah」.
He had no time to stop them.
「Hasn't it become interesting? Then I'll taste and compare your food and judge you impartially. Are you okay with it, Anne?」
「Of course! I will give victory and deliciousness to my lord」

「What do you want to eat, sir?」
「Hmm, let's see. Scrambled eggs… no, I feel like having an omelet」
「Certainly! Please leave it to Angela, sir!」
「Ookaay! An omelet contest and tea contest. I think I can do it」
All was settled without a hitch.
Uh oh, Moroha put a hand on his forehead.
The future seemed to come into his mind….
Satsuki and AJ cheered themselves up and ran to the home economics room.
「Hey, hey, I can finally experience a festival-like mood. It had to be like that, okay?」
Edward clapped, humming a tune.
Moroha reproachfully scowled at his good-humored face.

Satsuki's and AJ's omelets were ready almost at the same time.
The two of them placed them on trays and carried them while giving off sparks with their eyes.
It seemed that AJ's skill was significant as she didn't fall behind Satsuki.
Moroha was impressed. But—the two plates lined up in front of Edward had a clear difference in appearance.
AJ's dish was a beautiful workmanship that felt nice and that could be enjoyed at a restaurant.
The graceful appearance of the tomato juice also gave off a high-quality feeling.
But Satsuki's dish was even more amazing.
Its exterior was shiny enough to be mistaken for a golden color, its thickness was outrageous yet its shape was harmonious, letting an elegance peep through to some extent.
The topped sauce was of three colors. Moreover, and like a high-class French restaurant, vibrant wave patterns and drops were drawn on the plate.
A stunning execution,
「Then, should I start from the young lady's dish first?」
As soon as Edward pierced it carelessly with a knife.
The contents of the half-cooked part started to overflow onto the plate.
There was no further production that would stimulate appetite. The competitor AJ ended up making a sound with her throat unintentionally.
This was because the thickness of the half-cooked layer was overwhelmingly higher than that of the exterior layer. She couldn't have done this unless the fire was perfect.
「Delicious!」

Edward gave a high praise with just a single bite.
「This pass as an addition to the breakfast of 『The Savoy』!」
He ate it up completely, forgetting himself.
The plate was emptied in the blink of an eye.
「I was astonished! You, you're amazing!」
「I hoped you would understand that, foo□□□□h foh foh foh foh」
Satsuki, who was enthusiastically praised by Sir Edward, was all triumphant.
However, what she made was to that extent.
This was certainly a professional job.
Moreover, this was a professional job among professional ones that felt it could win even a contest.
While it was to the degree of 『Not being disgusting even if it was served at a restaurant』, it couldn't be a victory for Satsuki.
Moroha, who knew her cooking ability, was sure of it before she made it, but….
「Then the next is Angela's──」
「Uwaaaaaaaaaan」
Before Edward extended his hand, AJ grabbed his plate and threw it out of the window.
「What a waste!」
Moroha instinctively shouted, being greatly perplexed.
However──
– This is the omelet made by the blonde maid!
– I-it's mine!
– No, it's mine!
The curious onlookers outside gathered like hyenas swarming decaying flesh and began to grapple with each other with a momentum to snatch it even if they killed each other….
It was no longer wasted, but Moroha was left with a dejected feeling.
「Hey! Stop spacing out and come over here!」
AJ grabbed the nape of his neck and took him out to the hallway.
「Wait! What do you think you're doing, taking Nii-sama with you!? We still have the tea contest, no?」
「It's just a strategy meeting! Now wait!」
AJ yelled back at Satsuki's protest.
Having the nape of his neck held by her, Moroha was dragged away from there.
They heard a student who passed by say 『Uwaa. Haimura, even the blonde maid fell victim to you』, but there was no time for that now.
After they reached the stairs, AJ finally stopped walking.
「What does that mean, Morohaa…」
She suddenly clung to him, her face stained with tears.
They heard a student who passed by say 『Uwaa. Haimura, you're even making the blonde maid cry』, but there was no time for that now.

(This helpless person…)
He lamented, patted AJ's back and comforted her.
「That lass, if I remember correctly, it's your little sister, isn't she…? How could she prepare a thing like that…? Isn't that cheating…? Showing such a good thing in front of Edward-sama is humiliating…」
– Angela-san is honestly very incompetent, isn't she?
Despite being usually very confident, she was unexpectedly weak.
Like a knife that cut well but snapped quickly.
「I don't understand Japanese…. Hey, Moroha. Your younger sister, she's not good at making black tea, is she?」
「She is. She's a meticulous person. If seen from outside, she's at gag manga levels」
「How should I defeat a monster like that? I'm rude by nature」
「It's not good that Angela-san quickly loses her tempter. Let's stop cutting at anyone and everyone already, okay?」
「Dammit. You're lecturing me despite being a brat」
Moroha smiled wryly, seeing the **adult** AJ behaving like a spoiled child.
Her defects were immediately revealed as soon as they were pecked at a little, but this was the first time her weak side was shown openly like this.
(She really likes Edward, huh)
He thought it was charming.
He wanted to support her.
(That's right…)
How could she make black tea better than Satsuki? It was practically impossible with a frontal attack.
(No…. What if "delicious" is probably the wrong thing here?)
An idea flashed into his mind.
「Angela-san. What kind of black tea do you usually serve to Edward?」
He asked and AJ replied calmly while staring in puzzlement.
「Well… I choose tea leaves while guessing Edward-sama's mood, properly measure and warm the hot water, pot and cup──」
「Oh, that's enough. I understand. Supposing I was him, what kind of black tea would you serve me?」
「I think a tea bag would be enough?」

「That's it」
「Huuuuuh!?」
AJ let out a hysteric voice.
「D-d-damn you… are you telling me that I should serve a tea bag to Edward-sama!?」
Immediately after, she lifted up the corner of her eyes that were full of tears and shouted.
「Yup, that's right」
「Yooou bastard! Do you want to make your little sister win that much? Is it that important? E-e-even though I placed my trust in a k-k-k-k-k-k-k-kind guy like you. You're a traitoooor!」
「I'm telling you that this time I'm an ally of Angela-san」
Satsuki already got her ability recognized, so she probably felt relieved.
「You're so annoying and noisy. Who would believe such reckless remark?」
AJ suddenly turned away, turning her back on Moroha.
As soon as she did so, her back shivered with a jump.
Before she knew——
She found Shizuno standing there.
「W-what the… What do you want from me?」
AJ was openly alert.
Just like a wild animal that suddenly came across a natural enemy.
Despite hearing they were on good terms. Moroha didn't know their relationship well.
「Nothing in particular? I just came to see the face of a loser?」
Shizuno combed her long hair upwards as if laughing mockingly at her.
「Who's the loser?」
「Who's the one that pretends to be tough before even wiping her tears?」
「I-I'm not crying」
AJ wiped her eyes.
Moroha thought it was useless to wipe them.
「If loser is a bad thing, then what will happen to a loser who has lost the affection of his owner, I wonder?」
– Enough with that, Shizuno.
AJ looked like she was about to jump out of the window.
They were on the first floor, so falling to the ground was nothing special though.
「If you don't like that, then you should listen to Moroha's words, no?」
「Are you saying that I have to believe in such thoughtless words!?」
「Yes. Moroha is a man who has the same point of view and position as Sir Edward and there are no more than 7 of them in the world, right? That said, is it okay to throw away that advice as thoughtless words?」
AJ was taken aback by what Shizuno pointed out.
「Certainly…. Someone like me can't fully understand Edward-sama's thoughts…. But if this guy can…」

AJ trembled all over as she turned around slowly.
Somehow, he could see the color of reverence in her pupils….
(Angela-san, please don’t be deceived by scammers in the future…)
She appeared to have a personality that was easy to deceive with smooth talk.
「Got it! I’ll try believing your words!」
「If it turns out well, then you’ll owe us a favor. Understood?」
「Yeah! If I can please Edward-sama, then that will be a cheap price to pay」
Moroha screamed 「Uwaa」in his heart.
Shizuno-san, who nonchalantly made her owe a favor from an insignificant thing like this, was very terrifying.
Moroha worried himself while seeing off AJ who returned to the home economics room triumphantly.
Shizuno saw her off too with a small dimple carved on her cheek.
– You still have some way to go before **getting along well** with her, yes?
– T-that’s right…
Moroha nodded for the time though feeling regret.
His advice was genuine, so he should be glad that AJ listened to it without making it more difficult.

Moroha parted from Shizuno, and when he returned to the dressmaking room, the tea showdown had already started.
This time, Edward drank the tea made by Satsuki.
「Splendid!」
She was highly praised again.
「How can you get this supreme sweetness even though it’s not a flavored tea!? And what’s this amazing aroma! It’s too gorgeous. It’s as if the breeze blowing in the rose garden in May passes through inside my nostrils and fills my lungs with a happy feelinggggg」
「I’ll feel embarrassed if you keep praising me」. After all, it’s said that an authentic person can understand the difference, even the smallest details」.
Foh foh foh foh foh foh」
「We British people like milk tea… but this tea doesn’t need it. Rather, it’s unnecessary. It gets in the way」
「E」eh, is that so」? A rea」」」」」」」」lly delicious black tea is better drunk as it is after all. Foh foh foh foh foh foh」
「Well, I got treated to drink something good. This is now a tale of my travels」
「So the day in which the name of Satsuki-chan is well-known even by the British Division has come? Foh foh foh foh foh foh」

Moroha had never seen Satsuki being so conceited… rather, proud like this.
「Auuuu…」
He had never seen AJ look like a frightened and shivering puppy like this.
「Now I'll judge AJ's tea」
「C-c-c-c-c-certainly!」
AJ nodded brilliantly with a pale face.
She held a tray with a teapot placed on it with both hands and stepped forward stiffly like a tin doll.
It seemed that she lost her self-confidence when she witnessed the fierceness of Satsuki's black tea.
Her apprehension towards the teabag black tea became worse, and that was perfectly understandable. Still, the reason why she didn't throw it out, saying 「Uwaaaaaaaaaaanh」 like when she did so with the omelet, was it because this indicated she trusted in Moroha even if a little…?
「P-please have some」
AJ poured black tea into the cup with a dangerous way of using her hands.
The rising fragrance lost compared to the one of Satsuki.
「Hmm」
Edward put his hand on his chin, looking pensive.
At this point, he might have seen that this great black tea-ish was a teabag.

「How nice…」
However, Edward went for the cup without minding about it.
He closed his eyes, carried the cup to his mouth, turned it once and enjoyed the aroma.
Then took a sip and enjoyed the taste.
He hadn't said his impression yet.
However, for Moroha, he seemed to be sincerely relaxed.
「U-umm…」
On the other hand, AJ felt uneasy about not asking for his verdict.
She apologetically and helplessly seek the approval of her lord.
Edward opened his eyelids, showed a calm light in his green pupils and stared at AJ.
「Anne, do you remember when we just met?」
「P-pardon me…?」
Maybe she thought judgment would certainly be handed down. AJ had a bewildered and disappointed face.
「At that time, you always used tea bags when making tea for me」
「I-I-I'm sorry…. I was still a young and vulgar girl who only knew how to act violently」
「That's right. Now that I remember, you end up gushing out even now. You didn't make it bluntly despite complaining about this and that」
「I-I'm nothing but embarrassed」
Edward burst into laughter with a low voice, though looking happy from the bottom of his heart.

So there was a history like that between them, huh, Moroha was very interested in that.
Naturally, he wasn't going to do anything boorish here, like persistently asking about it.
「U-umm… my lord? Please don't disclose the history, the rude things about me that I want to forget…」
「Sorry, sorry, it's not like I'm picking on you. Yup… Now you're completely graceful and studied how to make black tea for me. Those feelings make me very happy, you know?」
「Th…thank you very much」
A humble smile returned to AJ's face who was still tense.
「However. It's not like I'm God. If I'm revered too much, your heart will be too far away」
「Eh…?」
「It's nothing. What I'm saying is that I want to drink this kind of tea once in a while」
「I, I don't understand! Please say it in a way I can understand it properly. Please」
AJ clung to him earnestly, but,
「Hahaha, sorry, sorry. I was also a bit boorish」
Edward just smiled again and dodged the subject.
AJ was nothing but perplexed.
Moroha stared at them——especially at Edward with a bit of compassion.
The advice he gave to AJ was still correct and Edward was very pleased with the tea she made.
Why Moroha was able to come up with that advice?
It was simple.
Moroha came to like AJ.
The days they spent in Russia were very short, but he couldn't help but be charmed by her personality.
By her rude side. And by her blunt side too.
By taking everything but everything into account, he felt that she was a lovable person.
Yes. Not the blonde maid playing the hypocrite in front of Edward——
The **natural** Angela was the most charming Angela.
He just encouraged her a little to expose it.
Even now, AJ couldn't understand it though.
He hoped that the day in which he would be able to see a natural Angela before Edward would come as fast as possible.
Like the day when the monsters would have no choice but to laugh, saying 「Why don't we share our loneliness to our hearts' content!?」 and when the **seven aloof people** didn't exist came to visit him.
Moroha stood next to Satsuki while offering a modest prayer.
Next to the girl who was always the same, and who would whether become an S-Rank monster or a demon that would destroy the world.

Without knowing the intention of that person, Satsuki turned her pure pupils to Moroha and,
– Hey? Hey? In the end, who won? We can say it’s my victory, no?
– You’re also saying in-sen-si-tive things.
Moroha blocked Satsuki’s mouth as he smiled wryly.
– You’re really a person who can’t read the situation.
Shizuno came into the classroom and poked fun at Satsuki.
With that as a trigger, laughter sprung up from everywhere like ripples.
Isurugi and the others watched attentively and in silent the sudden appearance of the VIP.
Some customers were pushed aside and half of the coffee shop was interrupted.
The curious onlookers clung to the windows, watching from the corridor.
Tension was undone as if they had remembered to breathe.
「I won’t give up until you tell me!」
「Hahaha, I’m at a loss. What should I do?」
The figures of AJ and Edward, who continued doing so as if they were frolicking about, were reflected in their eyes, except for Moroha. They were amazed by the sickeningly sweet, soppy and unexpected couple conformed by the British Division Head and his beautiful close aide; he gazed at everyone’s reactions that either found it charming or were envious, and then they got excited, gossiping again.
The air that had been tense due to Edward finally relaxed.
Moroha also released his hand from Satsuki’s mouth.
Now, let’s resume business! That was the mood now.

「You’re late. Don’t keep me waiting」
That was ruined by the few words of an intruder.
The members of *Strikers*, the customers and the spectators who were driven aside, solidified again.
The intruder strode in the classroom, without caring about the rigid air in it.
Black hair. Black suit. Black tie. Black leather gloves.
Only the color of his pupils that looked around Moroha and Edward provokingly—were blue.
His name was Charles Saint-Germain.
The place became noisy with the appearance of the French Division Head who came after the British Division Head.
「Why even you are coming here?」
「Fool. I have nothing to do with the festival of some damn kids」
「Then why did you expressly come to the school…?」
「I’ll tell you why. I had to expressly come here because this pseudo-knight said he would call you, but he just enjoyed himself doing nothing and didn’t return!」
「You could have made a subordinate do so, no? Unsurprisingly, Charles also wanted to come to the festival because Jack is here, no?」

「Nonsense. You wouldn't have paid attention to what my subordinates had to say」
Charles glared at Edward who didn't try to stand up with a seriously fed up face.
Edward shrugged his shoulders optimistically,
「Well, well. It's not like we're going to start in a day or two, so let me take a good rest」
Charles confirmed the feeling of his five fingers of his right hand,
「So you're aware? Then why don't you lay down on the carpet that looks like it will burn well?」
The two giant heads hit each other's eyes.
「Hey, wait!」
Without enduring it, Moroha intervened. Against his will.
It would be unpardonable if these two started fighting in a place like this, even if it was a joke.*
***TN: In a place like this is the furigana reading for Akane Academy.**
If it were a place where no one was bothered, then he wouldn't care how much they fought to their heart's content even if they killed each other.
「I don't get what you're talking about, but what happened? Would you mind explain that first, Charles?」
「Tch. What a dull guy…」
「Don't go calling me like that without an explanation. And don't click your tongue」
When Moroha protested, Charles put on a face as if he had swallowed a bitter bug, (he does what he wants) and replied with a rude tone of voice.
「Calm down and listen. A place considered to be the "birthplace" of 「Metaphysicals」 has been discovered」
「That's a major happening, isn't it?」
He couldn't calm down and listen.
Not only Moroha, the surroundings became noisy.
「You understand now? If so, be silent and follow me」
Charles said as if spitting out and quickly turned back.
He was as impatient as usual.
He didn't feel like giving any further explanations, and even if he did, he thought that Moroha would naturally follow him.
He was reluctant, but had no choice but to follow him.
– Jeez. Why can't I have fun peacefully?
Despite cursing, Moroha loosened his collar and ascertained the ID Tag in his breast pocket.
Today isn't over yet, but our school festival ends here.
– This is so inopportune….
Although even Satsuki was discouraged, she didn't say something so unreasonable.
– Anyway, we still have an hour, don't we? Did you enjoy yourself to the fullest?

Shizuno gently tapped her shoulder.
Isurugi and the members of *Strikers* agreed.
Their look in their eyes already changed to that of a knight.
Even though there was a sudden atmosphere that the shop was going to close, no customer began to complain. Even if they were knights in the making, they grasped the situation properly.
「The Japanese are really diligent, huh」
「Falling behind them is a disgrace for the British gentlemen」
Edward also stood up, saying “it can’t he helped” and AJ followed him half a step behind him.
The departure of a prominent lineup.
They followed after Charles who led Moroha.
The students were in breathless suspense and sent them out with great cheers and acclamations.

A number of sound of footsteps that strode in the hallway reverberated heroically.
Everyone departed on their own and went to the battlefield with their own feet.
They turned their backs on the rest day that was too short——

Epilogue

Maya looked at the schoolyard through the window of the principal’s office.
The sun had completely gone, the light of the *fire storm* brilliantly made the figures of the happy and noisy students stand out.*
***TN: Fire storm means a large number of people especially students that sing and dance around a bonfire at night.**
The closing event of the festival.
Everyone sang, danced and some others talked with a smile on their faces with the sole purpose of enjoying the festival until the last drop.
But Moroha wasn’t among the students.
Satsuki, Shizuno, Leshya and Haruka weren’t there either.
The same applied to Mari and the members of *Strikers*.
They were dispatched to the battlefield with Edward and Charles.
The information about that was gradually spreading within the school.
The students who were having fun and were making noise probably didn’t know anything yet.
But Maya didn’t feel like reproaching them.
If just fighting was justice and having fun everyday was something evil, then the former Russian way would become a model and there wouldn’t be a need for Akane Academy to exist.
(That thinking is absolutely wrong desu)
Maya embraced the lots of notes she took throughout the day in her chest.

She remembered.
Last night, Mari got a call from Edward.
「I had no doubt that Takanashi was the one who schemed to imprison Jack. I gave a severe warning to the leaders and Jack was acquitted and cleared of everything」
Edward smiled cheerfully and Maya and Mari were relieved.
—For a brief space of time.
「But I don’t trust the Japanese Division. To be more precise, I’m talking about that Andou」
Edward lowered the tone of his voice and said so.
When the name of the Japanese Division Head Suruga Andou came out, Mari hardened her facial expression.

「I can't read that man's mind at all. Charles and Lightning Empress were troublesome people, but it was easy to understand what they were thinking. They were clearly political opponents. However, what Andou thinks about, what he wants, who his allies or enemies are, I know nothing at all」
Mari asked a question to Edward who talked about it with a tedious tone of voice.
「In other words… sooner or later, Division Head Suruga himself might really dislike Haimura-kun and start his elimination… is that what you mean?」
「I see that possibility not being zero」
Edward replied, sounding deplorable.
And silence came down for a short while.
Maya gazed at the kind Mari-onee-chan next to her reflecting on it with a stern face.
It was Edward who opened his mouth again.
With a seemingly happy and proud tone of voice,
「Moroha is an incredible "jack-in-the-box". Have you heard? Actually, I had foreseen that Moroha would appear and cut the「Order」in two. He'll slowly spend his time doing so… yes, until around Moroha graduates. However, in reality, he's moving in a different direction, laughing at my thoughts. That arrogant Lightning Empress has become docile thanks to Moroha and that twisted Charles definitely has a favorable impression about Moroha. He's incredible, isn't he? Who could have expected something like this? The「Order」now is trying to unify as a monolithic organization with Moroha at the heart of it」
***TN: Order is the furigana reading for White Knight Organization.**
After that, he completely changed, and with a serious tone of voice,
「It's the best feeling. If it can be interrupted, it would be irresistible」
Whether that one was Suruga Andou.
Or anyone.
Mari agreed and Maya nodded.
「I'm Moroha's ally」
「Thank you」
「And it's many times better if he has even one ally. A strong ally. And if possible, friends whom Moroha can trust. In that respect, I feel tantalized that I can't earn his trust」
Edward made a joke at the end, but he gave his thanks.

Maya's consciousness returned to reality.
She turned the pages of the memo she embraced in her chest.
Today, Maya reconfirmed and read the collected information one by one.
Ranjou Satsuki.
Urushibara Shizuno.
Elena Arshavina.
And Momochi Haruka.

Reliable companions surrounded Moroha.
The girls that Moroha met, talked with and connected with one another here.
– Don’t worry, sir. Mari-onee-chan’s school exists for that reason desu.
No one was alone here.
Nobody would be allowed to be alone here.
Maya prayed so that Moroha and everyone returned to Akane Academy safely as she kept staring at the bright, cheerful and blazing *fire storm*.

Credits

Translation Group : Taekan translation

EPUB is done by JLN